ISSUED TODAY ONLY AS SUPPLEMENT TO CHICAGO TRIBUNE AND SUNDAY NEWS OF NEW YORK

The $25,000 PRIZE NAME WEEKLY

May 4, 1924 *Next issue on sale next Wednesday, May 7th, and will contain winning name. Ask your newsdealer for the $25,000 Prize Name Weekly* PRICE 5c

FIRST ISSUE

COMPLIMENTARY TODAY ONLY

THE NEWCOMER IN THE FIELD

The Winner of the First Prize in the $25,000 Prize Name Contest

and the Winning Name for this Weekly will be announced in our next issue—on sale *ON NEWSSTANDS* next Wednesday, May 7.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MAY 4, 1924 VOL. I, NUMBER 1

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WE MAKE OUR BOW

In making this bow we have no name. That will be known next week. We have a purpose. That may be known now. It is to be interesting, enterprising, and clean.

We believe that whatever is interesting and clean in life is valuable. We believe that people are the better for good entertainment. They may find it in a national park, in a moving picture theater, in an automobile drive, at a ball game, on a fishing or hunting trip, in a walk in the park, or in an easy chair by the reading lamp.

This magazine is for the easy chair. We repeat that it will be clean entertainment. We have no use for uncleanliness. Some of it can be made to escape the postal laws and some of it can get on the newsstands. Suggestive, salacious fiction will not have a market with the editors of this magazine. There is a good deal of it. We do not deal in it.

Good entertainment is what most people seek. It is good for their minds and bodies. Most people work most of the time. They are earning their living and they deserve their leisure. Their leisure ought to have colors, flowers and pictures.

In this matter this magazine is liberal minded. We believe in clean living but not the gloomy formula of the bigot. There ought to be open roads to happiness, if they are decent. We do not believe in repressing the desires of people for amusement.

Charge our five cents to amusement and entertainment. We'll try to give five cents worth week by week.

At the top of this column, at the flag staff, is the magazine's motto. It is Stephen Decatur's toast. It will fly there. Even a magazine of entertainment may have a serious purpose. Many fine people object to this motto as something at least unaltruistic, if not unmoral. We do not agree with them.

This is an American magazine. It believes that Decatur voiced a spiritual truth. What he said was not needed so much when he said it as it is needed now. When an American looks at Westminster Abbey he may understand England. When he sees the Colosseum and the Roman Forum he may understand Rome. Other nations have long corridors of time with impressive statues and tombs, and the sense of the past gives them an ever abiding sense of their nationality.

America is a nation in the making. We believe that Americans should keep in mind Decatur's text of nationality. It states what must be a truth if the nation is to be a nation. America has a great heritage. We want it great in the future. We think that will be for our own good and for all human good.

Next week we shall have a name. It is to be a name that will, so far as possible, condense all the foregoing editorial into a word or two.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

500 Live Pedigreed Dogs FREE

Another chance to win them!

If you want to read about the most amusing contest of all time, turn to pages 50 and 51.

You can enter now. If any of your friends miss this number, they can enter next week. Tell them to ask for a copy of "The $25,000 Prize Name Weekly" at the newsstands next Wednesday, May 7. They will have an equal chance. But be sure to buy a copy of the next issue yourself. It will tell you how to proceed.

In addition to the result of the $25,000 Name Contest—and, of course, in addition also to the new 500 Pedigreed Dog Contest—the next issue will be filled with splendid articles and stories by the foremost writers, both in this country and abroad.

Sophie Kerr and Arnold Bennett

will be among the galaxy of stars who will entertain you. It will be a well balanced bill!

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ROMEO IN MOON VILLAGE

A Thrilling Serial Novel — *By George Barr McCutcheon*

Author of "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark," etc., etc.

Pictures by LEJAREN HILLER

"'Fired' is the word I used."

SURROUNDED by five young, beautiful, and innocent maidens, any one of whom is ready to lay her heart at his feet, Romeo is, indeed, in a baffling situation for a youth who is attempting to solve the riddle of his romantic destiny. For Romeo has forsworn love.

Into his life has come, moreover, a sixth young, beautiful, and innocent maiden, who——

But to tell you more about this fascinating serial, which reveals the renowned George Barr McCutcheon in his most engaging vein, would be to destroy your pleasure in reading one of the most entertaining novels of the year.

IT was midnight and still drizzling after hours of vain and sickly endeavor on the part of Nature to bring about a full sized, respectable downpour that might have rid the sky of its pall, permitting the moon of another and more conspicuous Romeo to look down in concern upon the heretofore unnoticed hero of this tale.

Even the inconstant moon—had circumstances yielded it a peep at the solitary figure on the platform of the dreary little railway station—even the changeable moon would have experienced a sharp twinge of remorse over the plight of its present victim—for, when all is said and done, the moon was more or less to blame for Romeo Egerton's being in the fix he now was in. It had encouraged him, it had inspired him, it had led him on, it had imbued him with the courage that makes heroes of the most chicken hearted of us and drives us by one by one, by thousands and millions, into concealed perils from which there is no escape except through death or the divorce court.

Our hero was very brave at night and very timid by day; in the moonlight he was a true Romeo, while in the daytime he was a diffident, somewhat inarticulate youth, who marveled vastly at his own nocturnal dash and eloquence.

In broad daylight he never could have done the thing he was now doing—or, at any rate, the thing he had set out to do. The adventure had been conceived, planned, and, up to this point, consummated under the stimulus of moon and stars, and bore no more than reflective relation to the matter of fact, unromantic light of day.

He was running away with his employer's daughter. Perhaps it would be more accurate to state that he was waiting for her to run away with him. Or, even more specific, he was waiting for the train which was transporting her to him so that he might run away with her. And, as is almost always the case when a great deal depends on punctuality, the train was late.

Everything had been very nicely, though somewhat sketchily, planned the night before. He was to proceed to Blackville Junction and there wait for the arrival of the branch line local from the East. She was to get off of the local at the junction and together they were to hop on board the southbound express going through at 11 p. m., due to arrive at Digby at 12:15 a. m. A classmate of Romeo's, residing in Digby, had promised over the telephone to have the county clerk up and ready to issue a marriage license; and there was a very amiable and obliging parson in that town who, for a mere trifle—anywhere from five dollars up—would perform the marriage ceremony with dispatch at any hour of the night.

State and church being thus appeased, Romeo and his bride were to hop into the best

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIVE]

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"I'll bet my soul that old pirate has got her locked up in the house."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE]

man's sedan and flee onward in renewed ecstasy to the vast jungle known as New York City.

And so, it will be seen, the plans were nicely laid; unless an unforeseen hitch occurred Mr. and Mrs. Romeo Egerton could be relied upon to send a telegram to the latter's father some time the next morning—a perfunctory duty reserved for the cold and unromantic light of day.

The bride to be, with admirable forethought, had insisted on the program's being carried out in the order related—particularly in respect to the telegram. She said it would be much easier for her father to stand the shock in the daytime than it would be at night.

In this view Romeo concurred. He still nursed a most vivid and painful recollection of the manner in which his prospective father-in-law received his manly and honorable intimation that he wished to marry his daughter.

The word intimation is used advisedly, for Mr. Oglethorpe did not allow Mr. Egerton to get any farther than that. He first ordered him out of the house and then, on second thought, called him back to discharge him. This interview, as may be suspected, took place in the daytime, and found Romeo utterly without verbal resources.

That same evening, however, he had flared up under the urge of the dusky night wind and returned to the fray. He had marched boldly up to the veranda on which Mr. Oglethorpe was sitting—the Oglethorpe country place was noted for miles around—and cruelly informed the old gentleman (forty-seven being regarded as ancient) that he needn't worry; he wouldn't marry his daughter if she happened to be the only girl on earth!

This did not seem to distress Mr. Oglethorpe as much as had been expected. He merely removed his cigar from his mouth and pityingly inquired:

"Bless his heart! Isn't she good enough for him?"

"Absolutely!" replied Romeo, with emphasis. "That isn't the point."

"Well, what is the point? why wouldn't you marry my daughter if she was the only girl on earth?"

"Because I couldn't stand having you for a father-in-law," said Romeo flatly. "That's why. Just a moment, please! I'm not through yet. You have been a very nice man to work for, Mr. Oglethorpe—no man could ask for a better one. As an employer you are kind and courteous and considerate and—and generous. But you would be a rotten father-in-law. Absolutely rotten. I just thought I'd come around and tell you. Also I am herewith returning the check you sent me this afternoon. This is Tuesday, not Saturday, Mr. Oglethorpe. I am entitled to two-sixths of this check—Monday and Tuesday only. Subtract Monday and Tuesday from Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday and even you may perceive that there are four days coming to you out of this check. In other words, four-sixths, or, to be exact, sixteen dollars. Be good enough to correct this error, sir, and post me a check for eight dollars. It really isn't of any consequence, however, if you don't feel like going to the trouble of drawing a new——"

"My God!" barked Mr. Oglethorpe. "What the devil do you mean, sir? You don't have to tell me that two-sixths of twenty-four are eight, confound you."

"Is," corrected Romeo patiently. "*Is* eight, not *are*. However, we will not argue the point. If I were still in your employ I might discuss the matter with you. But I am not in your employ. I have been discharged. So if——"

"'Fired' is the word I used," broke in Mr. Oglethorpe, arising. He was a tall man and powerfully built.

TO his astonishment, Romeo did not fall back in alarm. Instead, he drew himself up to his full height, squared his shoulders, and looked down from a perceptibly superior altitude into the domineering eyes of Eulora's father. At the same time he calmly, but significantly removed his horn-rimmed spectacles. Romeo was rather broad of shoulder when he felt inclined to overcome the indolent habit he had gotten into of letting them droop.

"I know," he said. "But it's such a low, common substitute for a comparatively unobjectionable word that I never use it."

"I ought to kick you off the place," said Mr. Oglethorpe, sputtering a little in choleric restraint.

"It's a long way to the front gates," remarked Romeo.

Eulora's father stepped back a pace or two, the better to regard this singularly translated worm.

"By gad!" he said after a moment. "You talk as if it were—impossible."

"Absolutely!" said Romeo, rather loftily. "I will, of course, permit you figuratively to kick me off the place. I have no objection whatever if you wish to go about telling your friends that you kicked me off the place, Mr. Oglethorpe, if that is any satisfaction to you—but that's as far as I will allow you to go."

The older man stared. "Well—I'm everlastingly damned!" he exclaimed, in sheer perplexity. "If anybody had told me that you had the sand to come here and say these things to me I'd—I'd—by gad, I'd say he was a liar."

"No use prolonging this interview," said Romeo crisply. "I came here to tell you I can't marry Eulora—and why. I told you this afternoon that I love her, so there is no use repeating it. I also told you she loves me, and, as you said it was unbelievable, there's no use repeating *that*. Eight dollars is the correct amount. Monday and Tuesday only. General delivery will get me. Farewell, Mr. Oglethorpe. I'm sorry to give up the boys. They were doing very nicely and I am fond of them. I don't mind saying they are perfect little bricks."

He hesitated a moment and then added magnanimously: "And so were you up to this afternoon. But when I stop to think what a narrow escape I've had from getting you for a father-in-law I—well, a fool for luck, that's all I can say. Perhaps you will remember calling me a fool this afternoon, Mr.——"

"You insufferable young puppy!" roared Mr. Oglethorpe. "If you were the only man in the world you couldn't have my daughter. Understand that, once and——"

"Is that so? If I were the only man in the world I could have 'em all," retorted Romeo, and marched down the steps. Stopping at the bottom, he fired this parting shot: "They'd be fighting for me. The carnage would be absolutely hellish!"

"Oh, it would, would it?" sneered Mr. Oglethorpe.

"Absolutely," said Romeo. "But I'll give you a whiff of solace, something to ease your pride. If I were the only man on earth and

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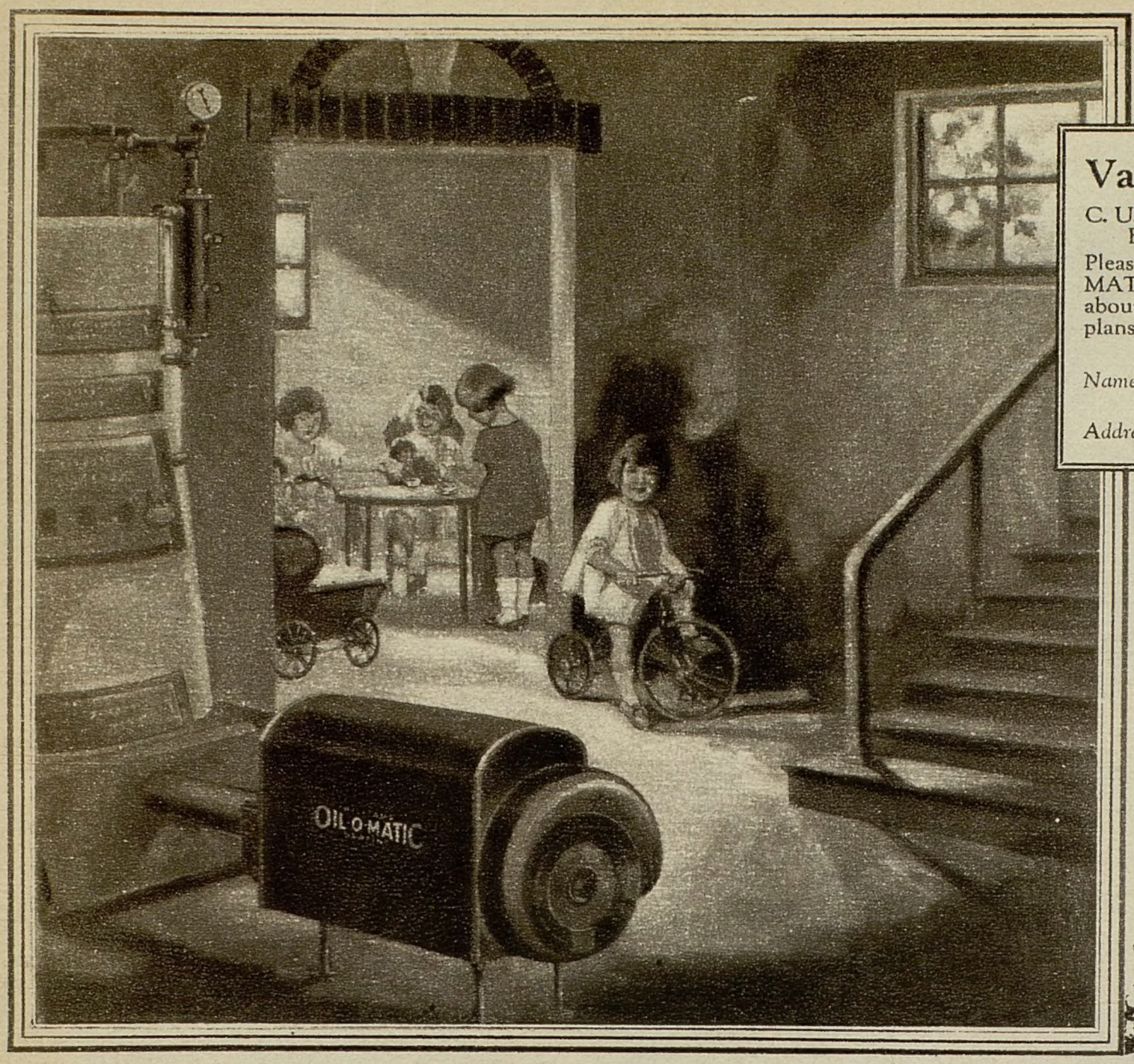

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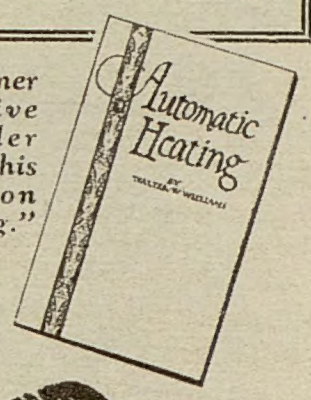

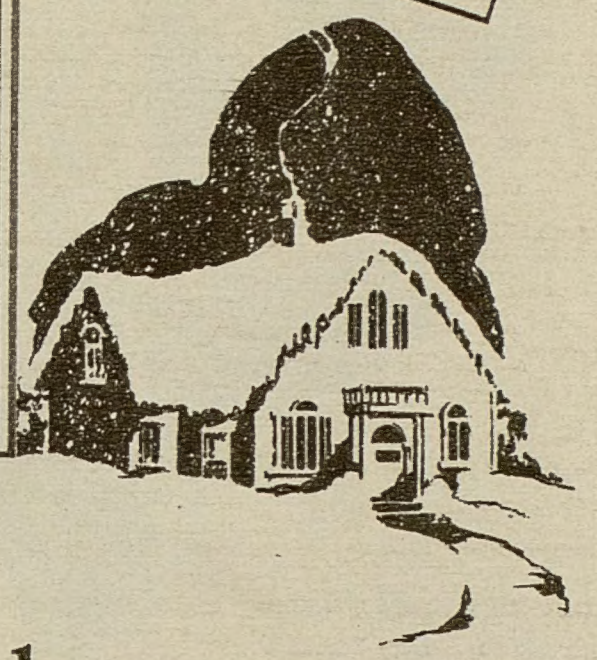

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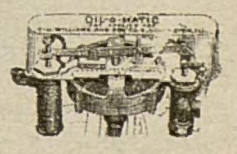

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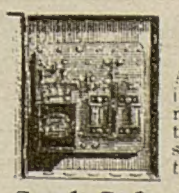

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The Minneapolis Heat Regulator is standard equipment on all Oil-O-Matics.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

there were ten billion women, I'd choose Eulora."

With that he strode off down the moonlit walk, his head high and cocked a little to one side, leaving Eulora's father speechless with wrath.

II.

THE defiant, despised suitor had disappeared between two smartly boxed hedgerows before Eulora's father gave over storming and hurriedly entered the house. At the foot of the stairs in the lofty, spacious hall he shouted:

"Eulora! Eu-*lor*-a!"

There was no response from above.

"Come down here," he called. "That infernal long legged, pinheaded——"

A boy's voice interrupted him.

"She's not up here, dad."

"She ain't?"

"She *isn't*," came down the reproachful answer. "She's third person singular, dad, not plural."

Mr. Oglethorpe said something under his breath about sapheaded tutors and pursued his quest throughout the lower parts of the house.

Eulora was not to be found—and for a very good reason. She had listened to the remarkable interview from an unexposed position just behind a pillar of the veranda and was even now speeding swiftly and stoopingly over a circuitous, shrub lined route toward the imposing iron gates at the distant foot of the grounds.

Young Mr. Egerton paused in his retreat to regard the fulgent, gracious moon which hung low and serene in a cloudless opening through the tops of stately elms—a golden harvest moon that seemed to blush warmly under his gaze. He sighed. His shoulders sagged once more to their studious droop.

He took off his straw hat, not to the Queen of the Night but for the purpose of fanning his heated brow. Suddenly the moisture on his forehead cooled as if blown upon by an icy draft.

"O Lord!" he gulped under his breath, assailed by a bleakness that even the moon could not dispel. His reflections: "I've lost her. I'll never hold her in my arms again and kiss her soft, sweet lips. This is my last look at these beautiful, enchanted gardens. O Lord! And it was only three nights ago that I held her close and kissed her for the first time and she said she would be my wife—— No, she didn't either, she said that I should be her husband, whether I asked her or not. She—— Oh, what a heavenly night!—*what* a night! And I'll bet my soul that old pirate has got her locked up in the house. On a night like this! A night made for——"

He broke off here to jam his hat down upon his head, at the same time taking a few short, halting, indecisive strides back over the path he had just traversed.

"If I thought he had her locked in I'd—I'd—*damned* if I wouldn't go back there and smash the doors down and carry her off right under his—his bloody nose!"

Now, in the intensity of his thoughts and emotions, Romeo uttered this ominous threat in quite an audible tone, and then stopped short in his tracks, for out of the shadows almost at his elbow issued a tremulous voice—low with caution and breathlessness.

"Romeo! O Romeo!"

He whirled first to the right, then to the left. "Ye gods and little fishes!" he cried, but with the presence of mind to do so in a sibilant whisper.

"Here I am," came the little hushed voice.

Miss Eulora Oglethorpe's head popped up like a jumping jack on the opposite side of the hedge. With great difficulty Romeo suppressed a shout of rapture.

"For heaven's sake, Romeo Egerton, are you a quitter, after all?"

"Oh, you—you darling!" he gulped, leaning as far over the top of the hedge as his long body would permit.

"Oh, how grand you were," she cried, "tackling the lion in his den like that! I heard every word of it."

She wasn't very tall—a slip of a thing in something soft and misty. Her head was bare.

"Yes, but, Lordy, how I spilled the beans!" he half groaned.

"Pooh! Nothing of the sort. You were just like one of those valiant knights in the days of old. You really weren't yourself. I couldn't believe my ears. Really, Romey, you didn't seem quite human to me! You seemed like something out of a fairy story—like Jack the Giant Killer. He wasn't human, you know, because he never really existed, and if he never existed he couldn't be human, could he? But when you straightened up you looked like the giant. Goodness, Romey! Are you made of rubber—to stretch like that?"

"I wish you wouldn't call me Romey. Romeo's bad enough, but Romey is—— Don't go away, dearest! Please don't!"

She returned to the hedge. "Well," she began poutingly, "I'm not in the habit of being scolded by——"

"I'm not scolding! Indeed I'm not. I'm just asking a favor of you—a last favor."

"I wish this awful hedge wasn't between us," she cried petulantly.

Romeo drew back several paces and then, taking two quick strides, vaulted clearly over the obstruction, landing beside her. She gave a suppressed little shriek.

"How perfectly wonderful!" she cried. "Why, it's dreadfully high. You jumped it just like a kangaroo."

He put his arm around her.

"Pooh!" he scoffed. "That's nothing."

"But I wouldn't have believed you could jump over anything, Romeo. You're so dignified—professor."

"Don't call me pro——" he began, but profiting by experience, not only broke off short but hastily tautened his possessive arm. "I daresay I've forgotten to tell you that I was second best high jumper in college."

"Oh, goodness, Romey, why is it you were always second best in everything in college?" she complained. "Weren't you ever first in anything?"

"Well," he said, "it wasn't much, but I was first in the dining room for every known meal." He sighed profoundly. "I suppose I'd better say good-by, darling, and go my miserable——"

She disengaged herself. "For heaven's sake, Romeo Egerton, are you a quitter, after all?" she cried. "After the way you stood up to daddy and defied him to his teeth?"

Between being called a quitter by the daughter, and his desperate eagerness to keep his word to the father, Romeo is in a pretty little fix. Next week's installment is replete with more humor and thrills. Don't miss it!

How did your *garters* look this morning

Boston Garter

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GFT

WHY I NEVER MARRIED

A Whimsical Confession — *By Elsie Janis*

ELSIE JANIS, beautiful, attractive, talented, has never married. Why? She has had many opportunities. It is rumored one nationally known dramatist proposed regularly, and, failing to be accepted, he, too, has never indulged in matrimony.

An internationally famous war correspondent was on a ship torpedoed during the war. As soon as rescued he cabled Miss Janis:

"All is lost but my love for you."

Read what Miss Janis has to say.

THAT title, which was wished on me, is fair enough, but a bit careless. *Never* is a word suggesting unlimited time and horrid finality. It sounds as if I must be at least an ineligible eighty or a sorrowing seventy, and just about in the act of ordering a nice marble grave garniture on which would be traced the touching words, "Here lies a spinster," with the added testimonial:

"She was too pure for this world—
God took her."

It reminds me (honestly, it does!) of the time the tax collector out in Ohio started questioning old Uncle Jim McHenry.

"Well, uncle," said he, "lived here all your life, eh?"

"No," replied Uncle Jim, "not yet."

You may put it down to optimism, but Uncle Jim and I have a lot in common.

Anyway, I'm young enough not to mind the dear people who remembered me twenty years ago, and as yet I don't even feel annoyed if they forget to add, nervously:

"Of course, you were just a *child* then!"

And still kid enough to correct the lady, some years my senior, who tries to maintain that she saw me in "The Vanderbilt Cup" eleven years ago, when I happen to know it was fifteen.

What I am getting at is that the word "Never" should be *out*. The article ought to be—"Why I Have Not Married—YET."

But even with the caption rewritten I find I have no real cut-and-dried excuse to offer for my state of single cussedness. No definite alibi comes to mind as I look back through the last ten years—and I may say that before that time I preferred a pair of skates to any pair of—shall we say—knickerbockers?

Anyway, I can't see where or when I've had time to get married. First, a London debut, then a war, and after that a Paris debut. Then home and the production of two shows with my Gang, which consisted of thirty-four ex-soldiers—surely no one could expect me to give up the joy of bossing thirty-four men just to be bossed by one.

Then, when the Gang was disbanded, back I went to play in Paris. Over there the thing that seems to intrigue the French most about me (outside of my spinning a lariat) is that, though on the stage and not married, I still retain my girlish laughter, if you know what I mean, *and* my mother—who is responsible for a lot of the last named G. L.

That same Mother o' Mine has had a lot to do with my muffing the merits of matrimony. Not that she has ever been the what-have-you-to-offer-my-daughter kind of mother. She always likes the men I like, up to a certain point. After said point she never says she does not like him or them (I must admit it's most always been them!). But she will say, sweetly:

"George is such a nice boy! Too bad he eats with his knife!"

And though I may argue that George does it beautifully, I can never quite forget that

"Here's the picture I like best," wrote Miss Janis. You can't blame her; and for the benefit of those who haven't been lucky enough to see her we'll say it's a striking likeness.

knife. Then I go on tour, and George, whose own mother had probably pointed out to him that I'm a nice girl but that it is a pity I wear kid curlers, marries a girl with a permanent wave and is happy ever after, as far as I know. For he usually turns up with the permanently waved wife and several little Georges to prove that table manners play a very small part in the big scheme of life.

IN writing an article where the "I's" appear with the rapidity of machine gun bullets, it is difficult to claim any lack of conceit. Nevertheless, that really is another angle, because I honestly have an inferiority complex in connection with the rôle of wife and mother for myself. I can't quite feel cast for it.

Anyway, I've seen so many of my girl friends who to me seem so much better fitted for the part. That's why I, who remained fairly calm under bombs and shells in France, tremble at the thought of trying to go over the top, dash through the financial barrage, and arrive safely on the other side of the matrimonial barbed wire.

Times have changed. All might be different with me if conditions were not as they were even before the war, when, if a girl didn't marry by the time she was twenty-five, she had to cast about for some comfortable convent or start settlement soul-saving. But today it's different, with half the women who are married working to keep the home fires burning and the other half working to put them out and break camp.

I have three girl friends with whom I used to discuss the future when we were all about seventeen. They wanted homes, husbands, and babies. I did not want anything but work. They have all three had homes, and the etc. One has had three husbands and two babies. One has had two husbands and three babies.

That sounds odd, but it isn't, because she stayed with the first husband five years and she has had the current husband four years, and, I believe, has another year to run on that lease.

The third of our girl friends has just taken her fourth husband. When I say "taken" I don't mean she just stepped in and took him, although as a matter of fact he went to Reno and she went to Paris for one of those wrap-it-up-and-take-it-home divorces, and then, quite by accident, they met in South Bend, Indiana, and got married.

None of these girls have asked me lately why I don't marry. Perhaps they remember that at seventeen I wanted only work, and perhaps they see that I've gotten what I wanted.

It's a funny thing, but work is one thing that does not die on you. The more you work the better you work, and the better you do your work the better you like it. Mind you, I firmly believe that all work and no play makes Jack or Jill turn to mud packs and liver pills, but the more you work the more you enjoy your play, and oh! how I have played!

Last year I worked twelve weeks in vaudeville and thereby accumulated what the ancient Greeks might call a wad of jack. Then mother and I set sail for the Mediterranean and spent every cent of the money. When it was all gone we came back to work again.

Perhaps that's another reason for my being celibate (nasty word that I always get mixed with "inebriate"). The joy of making one's own money is great, but the joy of *spending* it in one's own way is gigantic.

BUT if I were married? *That's* another yarn! Any regular husband, if he really cared for friend wife, would resent her dashing all over the country in vaudeville, even though she did collect the heavy ducats. If this imaginary man of mine did not resent it, I would think he wanted to get rid of me—and draw the worst conclusions as to why.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

Three hundred million stockings will have been produced in the great Phoenix knitting mills by the time this advertisement reaches your eye. Three hundred million! Fine foot-covering for many great nations! A ten-year achievement! The responsibility for this outstanding leadership is a mighty one, and is insistently maintained by a captivating line of hosiery for men, women and children, which has remarkable elegance and a peculiar ability to resist wear over long miles of strenuous travel.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX

WDT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

Suppose I should come home to *mon homme* with thirty or forty thousand dollars, and at once cast my ballot for a trip to Egypt to see the tomb. If he allowed me to take him I should not respect him, and if he let me go without him I'd mentally mark him down as more of a dead one than old King Tut himself.

Why not find a man who has as much as, if not more than, I have? My answer is that it would not be fair, even if such a one were on tap. The men with money want all the power that goes with it. That's why they usually marry poor girls. The poor girls are given the charms to attract men with money. That's why they marry them.

Can any one feel any great romance stirring when one great fortune is joined to another? I don't think so. But just let a shopgirl land a millionaire and the hard boiled old world sighs, "Ain't nature grand!"

When I read of Tilly Blueeyes leaving for a honeymoon on her millionaire husband's yacht I don't say: "Why can't that happen to me?" I know why it can't, because I've been given the whatever-it-is that makes it possible for me to work a while, then get my own yacht—and, once aboard the lugger, I can tell the captain and everybody else where to go.

But Tilly is not meant to make money. She just falls into it. Personally, I think she earns it. But offer her hard work, independence, and her own money, and she will cry for play. Dependence and money, never mind whose, is Tilly's slogan.

"You simply must meet Claude Dividends! He is rich, a bachelor, and he thinks you are *so* clever." When one of my well meaning friends who just hates to see me without a divorce to my name says that, I don't even register interest. I know that he will be charming and laugh at my merry quips. *But the girl he marries has got to laugh at his!*

On the other hand, if they say, "You simply must meet George Hardup, who plays beautifully, but just can't get started," I'm right there glued to the piano, genuinely eager to help the undiscovered genius.

That kind I've really tried to help. Therefore, I have not married them.

When I was sixteen I had two or three rich "old men" of nineteen as devoted suitors. They used to send me flowers, candy, and college pennants. The last I hung in my dressing room to prove I knew real grown-up men, but the flowers and candy I lavished upon the call boy at the theatre, who had beautiful gray eyes, long black lashes, and a patch on the seat of his trousers.

IT'S so easy to drift from one's subject! I'm still trying to explain why I have not married.

Perhaps I'm spoiled. I've never been refused anything by mother, and I've never refused her anything, for the simple reason that she never asks me for anything. We want the same thing. Apropos of that, and lapsing back to yachts and millionaires, I decided in 1919 that I wanted a yacht. One which did not belong to any kindly old gentleman with whom one must discuss sunsets or sharks, or alimony.

"Great!" mother, as usual, agreed enthusiastically. So I made a moving picture and, with the gold earned therefrom, chartered a yacht.

I used to leave the studio at five, get aboard my personal yacht, and float up the Hudson seated in a chaise longue on deck.

Poor old Cleopatra! She could only make a couple of knots, and here we are hitting twelve—and not a matrimonial knot in the dozen.

We had eight weeks of that tame yacht, and loved it. But without any sob stuff. What do you think I loved best about it? Taking people out who had never been on a yacht—ex-service men, newsboys, chauffeurs, and old friends of the pre-yacht days. And why? Because I enjoyed being able to give them what they couldn't get without me. That's why millionaires marry poor girls and rich widows marry chauffeurs—and why some day I will drag home to my sweet, long suffering mother a plumber—no, that's wrong; I forgot how wages have gone up—I mean a poet.

IN re-reading this effusion, which I have had to do in order to cross my "t's" so that they won't look like "l" (Oh! no! she wouldn't make a pun like that!), I find that the impression may be gleaned that I have been too busy refusing offers of marriage to accept one—and for just the 'nth of a moment I want to be serious. I can count my real proposals on one hand, and at that retire two fingers.

I have always felt that if a cabman or dock laborer asks a woman to marry him it is a sacred thing, and to him the highest honor he can bestow.

And I have no respect for girls who collect scalps in the shape of proposals. I believe it is not playing fair. Any girl knows that if a man is in love with her she can stop a proposal as well as she can start it, and unless in her heart she really wants him then I think she might put another record on and change the subject rather than give him that come-on look just to see if he appears well on his knees.

I am always in love—and I'm not much for unrequited emotions. One usually can tell whether one is loved—two usually can tell even more easily than one—but the sight of a man that I had kidded along seriously proposing marriage would give me no thrill. It would give me a little shudder of shame.

So saying, old lady Janis took off her specs, closed her textbook, and announced that her next lecture would be "Why Girls Go Wrong—and With Whom!" ELSIE JANIS.

P. S.—I forgot to say why I haven't married. It's because *I have not yet seen the man that I can't live without.* When I do—heaven help him! I swing a mean lariat, and I love WORK.

THE TURNING POINT OF MY LIFE

An Inspirational Article—*By Hudson Maxim*

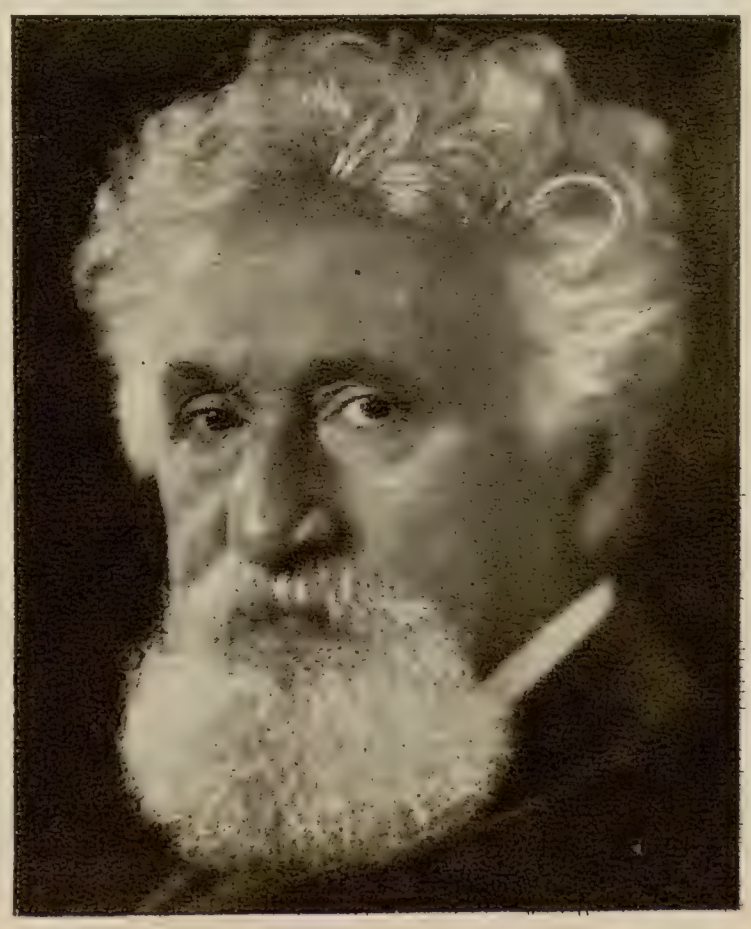
LIFE is a journey from place to place, from position to position of achievement, place, and time.

If I were to take a trip through Europe, visiting England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, and some one should ask me what was the turning point in my travels, I should naturally answer that there were many turning points.

But I think that, on the whole, the most distinctive turning point in my life was when I lost my left hand by an explosion of fulminate of mercury at Maxim, New Jersey, where I had a smokeless powder plant. This necessitated my depending more upon the exercise of my mental faculties in planning and management and less upon my own physical efforts.

I have many times said that often in one's life a thing which may at the time of its happening seem a colossal calamity will prove to be a blessing in disguise. Many a time a hard knock turns out to be a boost.

So it was with me in the loss of my hand. It was, of course, an almost inconceivable affliction to suffer such a loss. Nevertheless, the



loss of it caused me to go to England at a certain time, where I met my wife, which changed the whole tenor and shape of my career from that time.

It is true that I accomplished much before meeting her, but I was drift-wood floating down the stream of life until my life joined and mingled with hers, which had till then also been but quiet water. After that, however, the stream became a rushing torrent.

It is reported that once when a party of important persons was visiting the works of Henry Ford, in Detroit, he placed his finger on the shoulder of one of his right-hand men and said, "This is the man whom you often think *I* am when referring to certain important steps in my achievements."

So, similarly, my wife is responsible for a large proportion of my success, and it is sometimes she who is meant, instead of I, when credit is awarded me. Always it is at least *we.*

This is one of a series of instructive and inspirational articles on the Turning Points in the lives of well known men told by themselves. Another will appear in an early number.

CAN YOU AFFORD Ggolf?

AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION

By Paul L. Kinkead

Cartoon by GAAR WILLIAMS

AMERICANS spend $135,000,000 on golf each year.

Exclusive of new memberships in clubs, costing from $200 up to $3,000; exclusive of clothes, shoes, lessons, meals, railroad and automobile expenses, the annual cost of golf in the United States has passed the $100,000,000 mark.

Innis Brown, golf statistician and managing editor of a leading golf magazine, estimates the annual expenditure for dues, balls, clubs, caddy fees, etc., at $124,000,000.

Spalding's, leaders in supplies, estimates 500,000 active golfers who spend well over $100,000,000.

Estimates of total expense per year, including land purchases, all golf equipment, memberships, etc., run as high as half a billion dollars.

JAMIESON'S boy got home from college and was lucky enough to find a job that paid him $24 a week during vacation. On his first Saturday afternoon off he played golf at his dad's club. After dinner that night Jamieson and Junior talked it over and the boy said:

"I'm off golf. Costs too much. A college man cannot afford to play golf until he has established himself and his income."

Jamieson said it was a shame for the boy to stop. He was shooting in the early eighties and had been runner up in the college championships.

"I figure it this way," the boy explained. "I settled a $2 greens fee. I lost one ball and wrecked another. My caddy fee was 90 cents. We played foursome, and I was out 40 cents. The fare out and back was 72 cents and the lunch was $1. It cost me $6.87 to play that round. That doesn't include what my clubs cost. I have more than $90 worth of clubs in the bag. It doesn't take much of a mathematician to figure that I cannot afford it while earning $24 a week."

"Oh, well, *I'll* stand the expense," said Jamieson. "Save your little salary for school expenses."

"Thanks," said the boy. "But that isn't the point. The point is, can you afford it for two? Oh, I know you have a good income, but what does your golf cost you? You paid $1,000 for the membership. Your house bills run close to a hundred dollars a month. Your dues are $250 a year. You lose an average of a couple of dollars a round in that foolish ball-a-hole game. I figure your golf costs you close to $12 a round. Maybe you get that much fun—or health—out of it, but add $8 or so that you'd have to pay for me and it gets too expensive."

Jamieson was telling a business associate about it the next morning, boasting of his son's business instincts, and his friend said:

"That is cheap. He has passed the worst and most expensive part, unless he bets. My boy averages four balls lost or chopped up on every round and has broken twenty-five dollars' worth of clubs."

No man can afford to play golf who cannot afford to spend at least a thousand dollars a year for amusement—and better health—unless an expert at the game or an even greater expert at golf economy. And it takes almost as much time for the beginner to learn golf economy as to learn to become a Ouimet. Contrast the expenses of the average boy whose father belongs to a club and the expenses of the one who has studied golf economy: One pays from $1.50 to $4 a lesson; 65 cents to $1 a round for a caddy; 75 cents to $1 for each ball, and $3 to $7 per club, and usually has a bag full. This aside from the guest fees and additional expenses on his father's list—and often a $200 to $300 "Junior" fee.

The other plays the public links, with a usual 25 cent fee, does without a caddy, gets his lessons from his fellow players, and uses repainted balls at thirty-five to fifty cents each.

IN other words, there is a way for a boy or young man to learn the game and tide over the heavy expenses at the start, if he knows how. The repainted ball industry, largely discouraged by manufacturers, has become one of the most interesting features of the sport in the United States. It has enabled many players to reduce the cost of playing to reasonable proportions in spite of the greed of many of the professionals, which has been largely responsible for the prohibitive cost of playing.

The repainting and repairing of balls and the reclamation of lost balls has become second in importance only to the manufacture of the balls. Just how many golf balls are used each year in the United States cannot be known accurately, but it is believed that at least 15,000,000 were played with and lost. I consider this estimate conservative—I lost 14,000,000 myself.

FEW persons understand the extent to which golf has become an obsession. Two million persons played golf in the United States last year, of which number one million are regulars. There are about 3,250 golf clubs in the United States, about 1,900 of which are nine hole courses. It is estimated that $850,000,000 is invested in golfing property, counting cost of land, buildings, and improvements.

No one knows exactly how many golf clubs there are, or what the membership is, but the United States Golf Association estimates that 650,000 players belong to organized clubs, and the number of clubs has increased so rapidly even the Department of Commerce, which has been compiling figures, is unable to keep track of them all.

Incidentally, there are more than two hundred and fifty public links in the United States, and the Public Links Association claims that about 400,000 players used the public courses last season, with more than twenty new ones building. These estimates, however, are declared by the sporting goods dealers to be high.

In addition to all these there are known to be more than one hundred and forty private courses in the United States, maintained by individuals. Twenty-eight colleges and universities have their own courses, and there are more than sixty courses connected with hotel enterprises, exclusive of California and Florida, where golf is largely connected with hotel enterprises. Besides these there are known to be more than 600 golf schools. New York City alone has seventy—many operating winter and summer.

PERHAPS the costliest club, to individuals, is Old Elm, on Chicago's north shore. The expense is known only to members, and the membership is extremely small. There are no dues. Each year the club members figure what it costs for the year and apportion the cost. Last year it was said to be about $12,000 per member—but they can afford it.

This club is the last word in *man's* golf—for it is a *golf* club. The sign "No Women Allowed" is not up, but women are barred. The men wanted golf sans bridge, dancing, and society—and they have splendid isolation.

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

Home Beautifying Suggestions

You can take all the drudgery from dusting if you will just polish your furniture and woodwork occasionally with Johnson's *Liquid* Wax. It quickly produces an exquisite, velvety lustre of great beauty and durability. Imparts a hard, dry, oil-less polish to which dust and lint will not cling. Johnson's Polishing Wax gives a delightful air of immaculate cleanliness wherever used.

WAX Your Linoleum

YOUR linoleum will last longer, look better and clean easier if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax. Wax helps preserve the life and resilience of linoleum—brings out the pattern and color—and protects linoleum from wear. Johnson's Polishing Wax is endorsed by the leading manufacturers of linoleum.

Johnson's Wax is the ideal finish and polish for all your floors. It will make them beautiful—easy to care for—they won't be slippery—and will not heel-print. And Wax is by far the most economical finish for floors—a one pound (85c) can of Johnson's Wax being sufficient for polishing 300 sq. ft.—one coat. With waxed floors expensive refinishing is never necessary, for worn spots can be easily and quickly rewaxed as they appear without going over the entire floor.

The easy way to wax your floors and linoleum is with a Johnson Weighted Polishing Brush. It *spreads* the Wax evenly—*polishes* the Wax easily—and is an ideal floor duster. Price $3.50—(West of Rockies $4.00). Dealers are authorized to give a quart bottle of *Johnson's Kleen Floor FREE* with each Brush they sell.

Johnson's Polishing Wax is conveniently put up in Paste, Liquid and Powdered forms.

FREE—Book on Home Beautifying

There are many ways to make your home more artistic, cheery and inviting. Our Book on Home Beautifying tells how. Ask for a FREE copy of the Johnson Book at the best stores where paint and varnish are sold. If you are unable to secure the Book at any store in your locality—fill out and mail coupon at right enclosing 10c to cover postage and wrapping.

Stores displaying the Johnson Service Department Sign, shown at the left, carry a complete stock of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes. They can supply you with the Johnson Book and will also be glad to show you finished wood panels and answer questions on how to finish wood the proper way.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS.

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I enclose 10c for your Book on Home Beautifying and Wood Finishing. I understand that it explains how to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. Tells what materials to use and how to apply them. Includes color charts—gives covering capacities, etc.

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FLYING 'ROUND THE WORLD WITH UNCLE SAM'S MAGELLANS OF THE AIR

THIS TELLS THE WORLD. The new banner flown from their planes by the globe-girdling aviators. Note that the unconquerable eagle flies with them.
International Newsreel Photo.

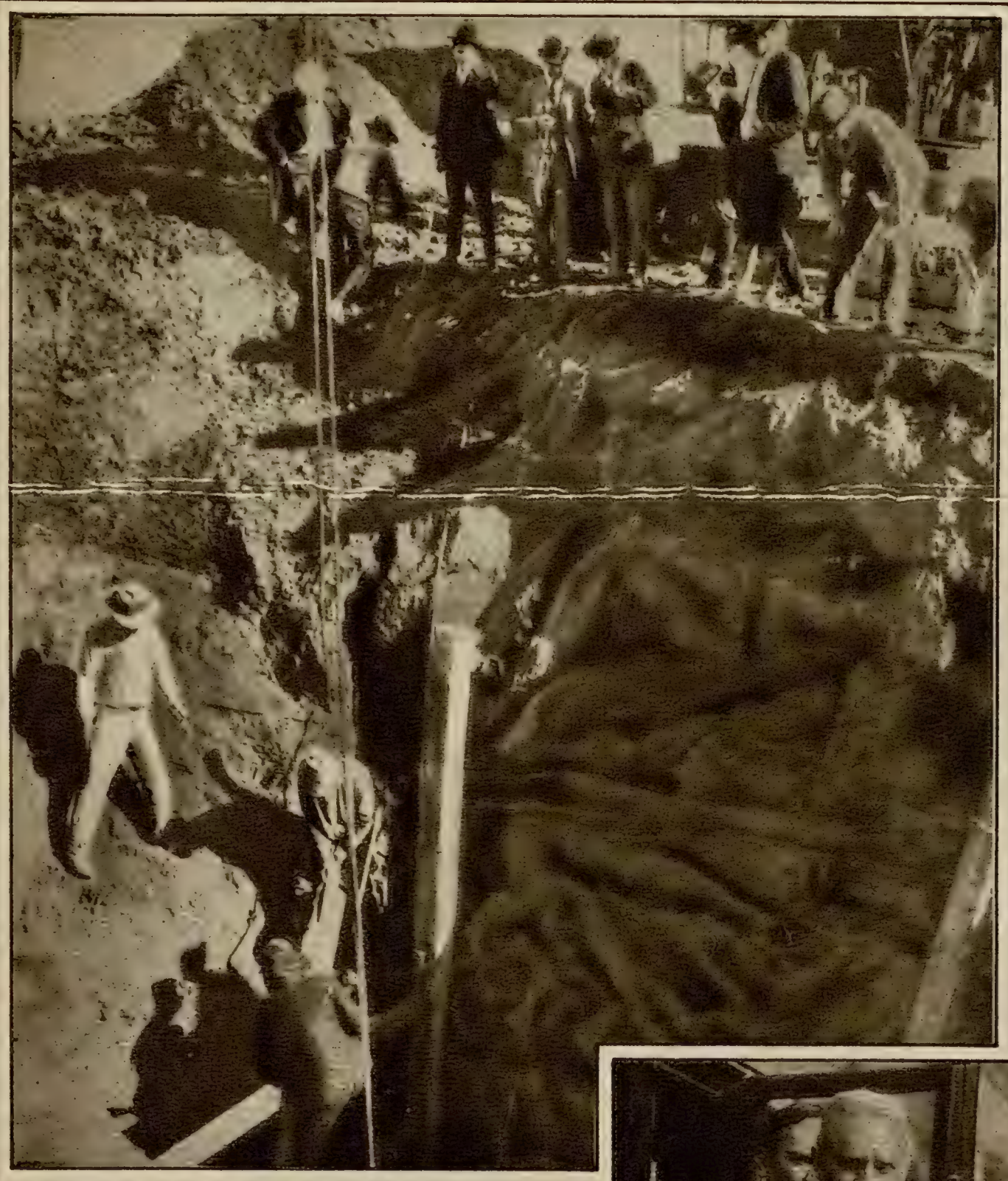
ONE LAP FINISHED! Lieut. Leigh Wade, one of four American army pilots circumnavigating the globe, makes a spirited landing at Seattle. He started at Los Angeles. United Photo.

DOWN BUT NOT OUT. First 'round the world plane has engine trouble and lands for an hour, then speeds aloft again.
P. & A. Photos.

WHERE A MISHAP WOULD MEAN DEATH. Plane defies clouds, fog, and rain above dense Oregon forests, with no landing place for miles.
P. & A. Photos.

TAKING A SNACK AT SACRAMENTO. The 'round the world flyers, left to right, are: Lieut. Col. W. E. Gillmore, Lieut. Smith, Maj. F. L. Martin, Lieut. Leigh Wade, Sergt. H. H. Ogden, Sergt. A. L.Harvey, and Sergt. Turner. They are resting at Mather field at the end of their first hop-off.
Underwood & Underwood Photo.

DIGGING UP AMERICA'S OLDEST OLD TIMERS, AGE FROM 10,000 TO 25,000 YEARS



SPEAKING OF EARLY SETTLERS, four petrified skeletons, the age of which is estimated at between 10,000 and 25,000 years, have been taken out of this excavation in Los Angeles. Dr. Chester Stock made the find. P. & A. Photo.

HE HAD A RIGHT TO LOOK WORRIED. David Barry, sergeant at arms of the United States Senate, who served all the subpœnas for witnesses in the Washington scandals. Keystone Photo.

CHICAGO'S FIRST CARDINAL. George, Cardinal Mundelein, visits the Roman Coliseum, where once Christian martyrs were thrown to wild beasts. Elaborate ceremonies marked his elevation to the cardinalate. P. & A. Photo.

ANOTHER NEW AMERICAN CARDINAL. Cardinal Hayes of New York, who received the red hat at the same time as Cardinal Mundelein, as he appeared on his arrival in Rome. He was on his way to the American college. P. & A. Photo.

1. *The Rifled Tip Perfected!*

Eversharp's rifled tip, the patented invention which first made a good mechanical pencil possible, has now been perfected! Tiny relief spaces between the lead-gripping teeth positively prevent clogging or jamming. Still the lead is held firmly at the point; no slipping; no wobbling; no breaking inside the pencil.

2. *Extra leads instantly accessible*

A new lead can be drawn from the magazine instantly. You can see how many sticks you have and how much is left of the one you are using.

3. *For quick loading*

Diagram shows trigger which releases plunger when lead is used up. One pull—insert lead one push—a turn. That's all!

The Pencil —is now perfected

Eversharp has written its way round the world.

And now comes the new Perfected Wahl Eversharp.

Six new features raise this into a superior, the *supreme* writing companion.

When you put the New Wahl Eversharp to paper there is the same feeling of a positively gripped lead that first made Eversharp the world's finest pencil. And now the rifled tip, an exclusive Eversharp feature, is perfected!

No more clogged tips! Diagram No. 1 above explains why clogging or jamming is now impossible. The New Perfected Eversharp is an absolutely efficient, beautiful pencil you can be proud of for its looks and good work.

Study the new Wahl Eversharp features. See how we have eliminated every mechanical pencil fault. Note that reloading is but a matter of seconds and you can see instantly how much lead you have in reserve.

Eversharp dealers everywhere especially invite you to try this new perfected pencil—*now!*

The price ranges are the same—from $3 to $10 for gold-filled or sterling silver pencils. But you can buy Wahl Eversharps from $1 to $50.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., Toronto

Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-metal Fountain Pen

Perfected

4. In the new Eversharp the eraser is replaceable in a moment. 5. The pocket clip construction is stronger. 6. Every part of the new Eversharp is interchangeable and replaceable. If accident break or spoil any part, any dealer can supply a new one free of charge.

Better balance, ease and quickness of operation, the *efficiency* of the new Eversharp, give the pride of ownership that the possession of the thing most modern always brings.

Unconditionally Guaranteed

The New Perfected Eversharp is guaranteed against faulty operation of any kind, from any cause whatever. All dealers are authorized to replace free of charge any part or parts that fail to operate to your entire satisfaction.

The NEW PERFECTED WAHL EVERSHARP

FOX!—By Albert Payson Terhune

Pictures by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

HERE'S a story of wild mother love, loyalty, and suffering contrasted with man's greed and cruelty. In Pitchdark and Ruff Mr. Terhune, gifted as he is with an insight into the souls of beasts, has drawn two magnificent characters. In the grueling hardship of their struggle for existence and in the grim climax he has vividly painted the tragedy of primitive life.

I.

WHEN the Stippled Silver Kennel, Inc., went into the wholesale raising of silver foxes for a world market its two partners brought to the enterprise a comfortable working capital and an uncomfortable ignorance of the brain reactions of a fox.

In the four acre space within the kennel inclosure were thirty model runways, twenty by twenty feet; each equipped with a model shelter house and ten of them further fitted out with model brood nests.

In twenty-four of these thirty model runways abode twenty-four model silver foxes, one to each yard at this autumn season; twenty-four silver foxes, pedigreed and registered—foxes whose lump value was something more than $7,400. The partners knew their foxes' cash value to a penny. Of their foxes' personalities they knew less than nothing.

For example, King Whitefoot II., in Number 8 run, could have given a mole useful hints in underground burrowing. Lady Pitchdark, the temperamental young vixen in Number 17 run, might well nigh have qualified as the vulpine fly. Because neither of these costly specimens spent their time in sporadic demonstrations of their arts, in the view of humans, those same humans did not suspect the accomplishments.

* * * *

There came a nice bright moonlit night in late November—a night to stir every quadruped's blood to tingling life and to set humans to crouching over fireplaces. Ten minutes after Rance and Ethan Venner, the kennel partners, finished their perfunctory evening rounds of the yards King Whitefoot II. was blithely at work.

Very tenderly, by the nape of the neck, he had borne her along.

In forty-two minutes from the time he began to dig, his pointed black nose and his wide cheeked, stippled black face were emerging into the open, a few inches outside his yard. Wriggling out of his tunnel, he shook himself daintily to rid his shimmering silver flecked black coat of such dirt as clung to it. Then he glanced about him. From the nearby wire runs twenty-three pairs of slitted topaz eyes flamed avidly at him. Twenty-three ebony bodies crouched moveless, the moon glinting bright on their silver stipples and snowy tail-tips.

They watched Whitefoot make for the high wire boundary fence which encircled the four acre kennel inclosure—the fence beyond whose southern meshes lay the frost spangled meadow.

But, as Whitefoot set to work at the absurdly simply exploit of digging under this outer fence, one of the twenty-three prisoners could stand the emotional strain no longer. Young and with nerves less steady than her companions', little Lady Pitchdark marred the perfect symphony of noiselessness.

Up the side of her ten-foot run-wire she whizzed, her long clawed pads scarce seeming to seek toehold in the ladder of meshes they touched.

A pause for breath at the top and she was skidding down the steep slope of the fence's outer side. A dart across the yard and she reached the kennel's boundary fence just as Whitefoot was squirming to freedom through the second and shorter tunnel he had made that night.

Diving through, so close behind him that her out-thrust muzzle brushed his sensitive tailtip, Pitchdark reached the safety of the outer world at almost the same instant as did he. Whitefoot felt the light touch at his tail. He spun around, snarling murderously.

But as he confronted the slender young vixen in her royal splendor of pelt and with her unafraid, excited eyes fixed so mischievously upon him, the dog-fox's lips slipped down from their snarling curl, sheathing the fearsome array of teeth and tushes. For a fraction of a second Whitefoot and Pitchdark faced each other there under the dazzling white moon, twin ebon blotches on the frost strewn grass. Twenty-two pairs of yellow fire eyes were upon them.

Then on impulse the two refugees touched noses. As though by this act they established common understanding, they wheeled about as one, and galloped silently, shoulder to shoulder, across the meadow to the safety of the black mountainside forest.

SPRING was early that year. But before the frost was out of the ground Pitchdark had chosen her nursery. It was a woodchuck hole in an upland meadow, at the forest edge, a short mile from a straggling farmstead.

Then, of a windy night, just before the first of April, the vixen did not join her mate in his

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]
usual expedition for loot. And as Whitefoot panted homeward before dawn with a broken winged quail between his jaws he found her lying in the burrow's hollow, with five indeterminate looking babies nuzzling close to her soft side. The season was not propitious for food finding. That night he foraged, and gray dawn found him midway between the lair and the farmstead at the foot of the hill.

This farm he and Pitchdark had avoided. It was too near their den for safe plundering. Wherefore, fox fashion, the two had ranged far afield and had reserved the nearby farm for later emergencies.

Now the emergency appeared to call for such a visit from Whitefoot. A moment or so he hesitated, irresolute whether to return empty mouthed to his mate or to go first to the farm for possible food. He decided on the farm.

Had he gone to the burrow he would have known there was no further need to forage for those five beautiful baby silvers. A swelling rivulet of rain had been deflected from its downhill course by a wrinkle in the soil and down into the ill constructed brood nest at its bottom.

Chilled and soaked, despite their young mother's frantic efforts to protect them, the five ill nourished and perilously inbred cubs ceased to nurse and began to squeak right dolefully. Then, one by one, they died. The last of them stiffened out just before daybreak.

II.

RANCE and Ethan Venner would have cursed luridly at loss of so many hundred dollars in potential peltry. But the bereft little mother only cuddled her ice cold babies the closer, crooning piteously to them. They were her first litter. She could not realize what had befallen them nor why one and all of them had ceased to nurse.

Meantime her mate was drifting like an unobtrusive black shadow through a downpour toward the clutter of farm buildings at the base of the hill pasture. Presently he was skirting the chicken yard. It and its coop were too fast locked for him to hope to enter with less than a half hour's clever digging. He had not a half minute to spare.

Slinking from the coop, he rounded a toolhouse. There he halted. For to his nostrils came again the smell of living food, though of a sort vaguely unpleasant to him. Hunger and the need to feed his brood formed too strong a combination for this faint distaste to combat.

He peered around the corner of the half open door of the toolhouse. From the interior arose a hated dog smell. But he knew by nose and by hearing that the dog was no longer in there.

He was correct in this, as in most of his surmises. Not five minutes before the early rising Dick Logan had opened the toolhouse door and convoyed thence his pedigreed collie, Jean, to the kitchen for her breakfast.

In the corner of the toolhouse was a box half filled with rags. Down among the rags nestled and squirmed and muttered a litter of seven pure bred collie pups a fortnight old.

Man scent and dog scent filled the air, scaring and disgusting the hesitant Whitefoot. Stark hunger spurred him on. A fleeting black shadow slipped, noiselessly swift, into the toolhouse and then out again. Between his teeth the fox carried away to his lair a squealing and struggling fat collie puppy.

At the mouth of the warren Pitchdark was waiting for him. She had brought her babies out of the death hole, though too late. They lay strewn on the rain-soaked ground in front of her. She herself was crouched for shelter in the lee of a rock that stood beside the hole.

Whitefoot dropped the collie pup in front of his mate, and prepared to join her in the banquet. Pitchdark nosed the helpless atom of babyhood, as though trying to make out what it might be.

The puppy, finding himself close to something warm and soft and furry, crept instinctively toward this barrier from the cold and wet which were striking through to the very heart of him. At his forward motion Pitchdark snarled down at him. But as his poking nose chanced to touch her the snarl merged suddenly into a croon. With her own sharp nose she pushed him closer to her and interposed her body between him and the rain.

Whitefoot, the water cascading from his splendid coat, stood dripping and staring. Failing to make any sense of his mate's delay in beginning to devour the breakfast he had brought along at such danger to himself, he took a step forward, his jaws parting for the first mouthful of the feast. Pitchdark growled hideously at him and slashed at his advancing face.

Piqued and amazed at her ungrateful treatment, he hesitated a moment longer, then trotted glumly off into the rain, leaving Pitchdark crooningly nursing the queer substitute for

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

For a fraction of a second, Whitefoot and Pitchdark faced each other.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

her five dead infants. As he ran, he all but collided with a rain dazed rabbit that hopped out of a briar clump to avoid him.

Five minutes later he and Pitchdark were lying side by side in the crevice of the rock, crunching unctuously the bones of the luckless bunny, while the collie pup feasted as happily in his own fashion as did they, nuzzling deep into the soft hair of his foster mother's warm underbody.

BY the time spring brought the warm nights and the long, bright days the puppy weighed more than twice as much as any fox cub of his age. He had ceased to look like a sleek, dun colored rat and resembled rather a golden and white teddy bear.

On the moonlit May nights and in the red dawning and in the soft afterglow he and his pretty mother would frisk and gambol in the lush young meadow grass around the lair. It was sweet to see the lithe black beauty's complete devotion for her clumsy baby and the jealous care wherewith she guarded him. From the first she was teaching him the cunning caution which is a fox's world old birthright and which is foreign to a man owned collie. With his foster mother's milk and from his foster mother's example he drank in the secrets of the wild and the fact that man is the dread foe of the beast.

Gayly as the two might play in the moonlit grass, the first distant whiff of man scent was enough to send Pitchdark scuttling silently into the burrow, driving the shambling pup ahead of her. There the two would lie, noiseless, almost without breathing, while man or dog, or both, passed by.

Back at the Logan farm there was bewilderment at the puppy's mysterious vanishing. His dam, returning from the kitchen after breakfast, had broken into a growl of sudden wrath and had changed her trot for a hand gallop as she neared the toolshed. Into the shed she had dashed, a-bristle and growling; then out again; sniffing the earth, casting in ever widening circles, and setting off presently on a trail which the deluging rain wiped out before she could follow it for a hundred yards.

The stolen pup had been set aside by Dick Logan as a future house dog. This because he was the largest and strongest and liveliest of the seven, and because of the unusually wide white ruff which encircled his broad shoulders like a shawl. Dick had named the youngster Ruff because of this adornment.

RUFF meantime was gaining his education, such as it was, far more quickly than his super-domesticated collie mother and Dick together could have imparted it to him.

By example and by swift punishment in event of disobedience Pitchdark was teaching him to crouch, flattened and noiseless, at sound or scent of man or of alien beast. She was teaching him to worm his pudgy little body snakelike through grass and undergrowth and to make wise use of every bit of cover. She was teaching him—as foxes have taught their young for a million years—the incredible cunning of her race and the fear of man.

Before Ruff was six weeks old, Whitefoot had tired of domesticity—especially with so perplexing a canine slant to it—and had deserted his mate and foster son. Pitchdark was forced to forage for herself and for Ruff. But the task was easy. For now the springtime world was alive with catchable game. She did not seem to miss her recreant spouse.

She and Ruff took up changeable quarters in the hinterland forest. There Ruff's training began in grim earnest.

So the sweet spring and the long, drowsy summer wore themselves away. No longer did Ruff depend on the vixen to teach him how to catch his daily bread. True, he still profited by her experience and her abnormal cunning, and he assimilated it and improved on it—as is the way with a collie when he is taught something that catches his bright fancy. But he was self-supporting.

He continued to live with Pitchdark and to travel with her and to hunt with her, not because he needed to but because he loved her. To this temperamental black and silver vixen went out all the loyal devotion and hero worship and innate protectiveness which a normal collie lavishes on the human who is his god.

There were things about Pitchdark the young collie could not understand, just as there were traits of his which baffled her keen wits. He would pause and look in questioning surprise as Pitchdark stopped, during their progress through an orchard, to munch happily at a fallen harvest apple; or while she stood daintily on her hind legs to strip grapevines of their ripening clusters.

The fable of the fox and the sour grapes had its basis in natural history. For the fox, almost alone of carnivora, loves fruit. Ruff cared nothing for it. Few collies do.

Ruff had the noiselessly padding gait and the furtive air of a fox. Mentally and morally he was a fox, plus the keener and finer brain of a collie. His dark and deepset eyes had the glint of the wild, rather than the straightforward gaze of a collie.

Yet those eyes were a dog's and not a fox's. A fox has the eye of a cat, not of a dog. The iris is not round but is long and slitted, like a cat's. In bright sunlight it closes to a vertical line, and does not contract to a tiny circle, like dog's or man's.

The wolf is the dog's brother. They are of one blood. They can and do mate as readily as dog and dog. Dog and fox are far different. Their cousinship is remote. Their physique is remoter—too remote to permit of blending. There is almost as much of the cat as of the dog in a fox's cosmos—too much of it to permit of interbreeding with the cat-detesting dog.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Ruff drove downward at him as the hound dived.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

III.

THE next autumn brought forth the hunters. A few city folk and farm boys ranged the hills with fowling pieces and with or without bird dogs or rabbit hounds. These novices were ridiculously easy for Ruff and Pitchdark to avoid. They offered still less menace to Whitefoot, ranging in solitary comfort on the thither side of the mountain wall.

But the real hunters of the region were a more serious obstacle to smug comfort and to safety. They were lanky or stumpy men in woolly old clothes and accompanied by businesslike hounds. These men did not bother with mere sport or pot hunting. Red fox pelts this year brought $11.50 each, uncured, from the wholesaler down at Heckettville. Fox hunting was a recognized form of livelihood here in the upland valley district.

In midwinter, the day after a "tracking snow" had fallen, one Jeffreys Holt, an aged fox hunter, tramping home with empty gun in his hand and with his tired hound at his heels, chanced upon an incredible sight.

An animal rounded a bend of rock on a hillside, perhaps a hundred yards in front of him, and stood there, stock-still, for a few seconds, sharply outlined against the snow. Then, as Holt stared, slack jawed, the creature oozed from sight into a crevice. Holt plunged ahead, urging his weary hound to the chase. But by the time he reached the crevice there was no sign of the quarry.

Whitefoot, from the safety of another double entry rock lair, a furlong away, watched Holt. Long immunity had made the big dog-fox overbold. Yet this was the first time human eyes had focused on him for two years.

AT the store that night Rance Venner glanced up from his task of ordering supplies for the Stippled Silver Kennels and listened with sudden interest to the harangue of an oldtimer in the group around the stove.

"I'm telling you," Holt was insisting, in reply to a doubter, "I'm telling you I saw him as plain as I see you. Jet black he was, only his tailtip was white, and one of his hind feet; and there was shiny gray hairs sticking out from his shoulders and over his eyebrows. He——"

"You say you saw a silver fox?" asked Venner excitedly, confronting Holt.

Holt stared truculently at him, suspecting banter and not relishing it from a stranger.

"My name is Venner," went on Rance. "My brother and I run the Stippled Silver Fox Farm, up above Crozier's. Two years ago a couple of our silver foxes got loose on us."

Briefly he explained the appearance and general nature and value of silver foxes, and expanded upon the loss of the two that had escaped from his kennel. His oration gained scant personal interest until he made a cash offer of $75 to any one who would bring him Whitefoot's or Pitchdark's pelt in good condition. He added an offer of $125 for either fox if captured and undamaged.

Within two days all available fox traps for miles around were on duty in the woods and among the hilltop rock barrons. The village went afield.

Before dawn Ruff and Pitchdark caught the distant signs of the chase, and they denned in, far among the peak rocks, for the day. At that the chase might perhaps have neared their lofty aerie before sunset but for Whitefoot. Unappeasable appetite made him take chances from which the vixen would have recoiled.

An empty and gnawing stomach urged him on with his own hunt. It urged him on even when, in a cranny, he came upon a contrivance of wood and iron which fairly reeked of human touch. The thing reeked of something else—of an excessively dead chicken which lay just beyond it in the cleft.

Too crafty to go past such a man made and man scented contrivance, yet Whitefoot felt his mouth water at the ancient odor of the chicken. He craved it, beyond anything. Detouring the top of the ridge, he entered the cleft from the other side. No visible object of man's workmanship checked him here or stood between him and the tempting food. Of course the man scent was as strong here as at the opposite end. But the morning wind was sifting through the cleft, bearing the reek with it.

Cautiously the half starved fox padded forward through the drift of dead leaves toward the chicken, which itself was half buried in leafage. His jaws closed on it. As he backed out with his treasure trove patient gaping steel jaws snapped shut on his left forefoot.

An hour later Rance Venner and Holt climbed the ridge to visit the former's new fangled patent fox trap. In the center of a patch of bloody trampled snow lay a magnificent silver fox; moveless, his eyes rolled back; his teeth curled away from his upper jaw. Limp and pitifully still he lay.

"It's our King Whitefoot II.!" exulted Venner, unfastening the trap jaws and laying the supine body in his lap and smoothing the rumpled glory of pelt. "But I can't figure why he's dead. Maybe the shock killed him; or else he broke a blood vessel in his brain trying to tear loose. He——"

The rambling conjecture ended in a hoot of pain. There was an indescribably swift whirl of the inert black body. Rance Venner's thumb received a lightning bite from teeth which scraped sickeningly into its very bone. Whitefoot was flying like mad for the nearest available rock cranny.

Away flashed the fox, his lacerated forepaw marring his speed not at all. Jeffreys Holt was an old enough huntsman to act on sheer instinct. Through no conscious volition of his own he whipped to his shoulder the gun that hung idle in his grasp while he watched Rance open the trap. Taking snap aim, he pulled trigger.

Whitefoot did not stop his panic flight. He continued it for two yards longer, rolling over and over violently, like a mechanical toy, before thumping against the rockside, stone dead.

PITCHDARK eluded the hunt with entire ease. But as she and Ruff were padding contentedly back to their safe aerie at gray dawn of the third day Pitchdark failed to note a deadfall which had been placed in a hillside gully three months earlier. Rains and snow and winds had rubbed it clean of any vestige of man scent. It seemed nothing but a fallen log propped against a tree trunk.

By way of a short cut Pitchdark ran under it. There was a thump, followed at once by an astounded yelp. The vixen, flattened out, lay whimpering under the tumbled log.

Ruff was trotting along, a yard or so behind her. The fall of the log had made him spin sideways. Now he went over to where Pitchdark lay moaning and writhing. Tenderly he sniffed at her; then he walked around the log and her pinioned body. In another second he was at work, clawing and shoving at the weight that imprisoned her.

The log was too light for its purpose. Also the boy who made the set trap was a novice. The end of the log had come to rest on a knot of wood near the tree base. Ruff's weight and applied strength set it a-rolling. Off from the vixen it bumped, while she cried out again in agony.

Ruff turned to greet her as she should leap joyously to her feet. But she did not leap. The impact of the falling log had bruised her spine. The best she could do was to crawl painfully along, stomach to the ground, whining with pain at every step. Her hind legs sagged useless.

Yet she was a gallant sufferer. Keenly aware that she was in no condition to face or flee any possible dangers of the open, she made pluckily for the aerie on the distant peak. The great collie slackened his pace to hers. At a windfall, too high for her to clamber over, he caught her gently by the nape of the neck with his mighty jaws and scrambled over the impediment, carrying her with him.

The last mile promised to be the worst mile, rising, as it did, almost precipicelike to the summit, and strewn with bowlder and rift. To the light footed pair such a clamber had ever been childishly easy. Now it threatened to be one long torment to the vixen.

Then, as they came to a ten foot cliff, at the base of the peak's last stiff climb, they halted and looked miserably upward. Along the face of this rock wall a narrow rudimentary trail ran from bottom to top, a widened rock fissure. The fox and the collie were wont to take it almost at a bound. But now there was no question of bounding. Nor was the collie able to navigate the tricky climb with Pitchdark suspended from his jaws. It was not a matter of weight but of leverage and of balance. He had sense enough to know that.

For the last half mile he had been carrying the vixen, her helpless hind legs dragging along the ground. Very tenderly, by the nape of the neck, he had borne her along. Yet the wrenching motion had forced cries from her, so that once and again he had set her down and stared in pitiful sorrow at her.

Now, Pitchdark took charge of matters. At the base of the cliff was an alcove niche of rock, perhaps two feet deep and eighteen inches wide, roofed over by a slant of half fallen stone. It was bedded with dead leaves. There were worse holes into which to crawl to die than was this natural den.

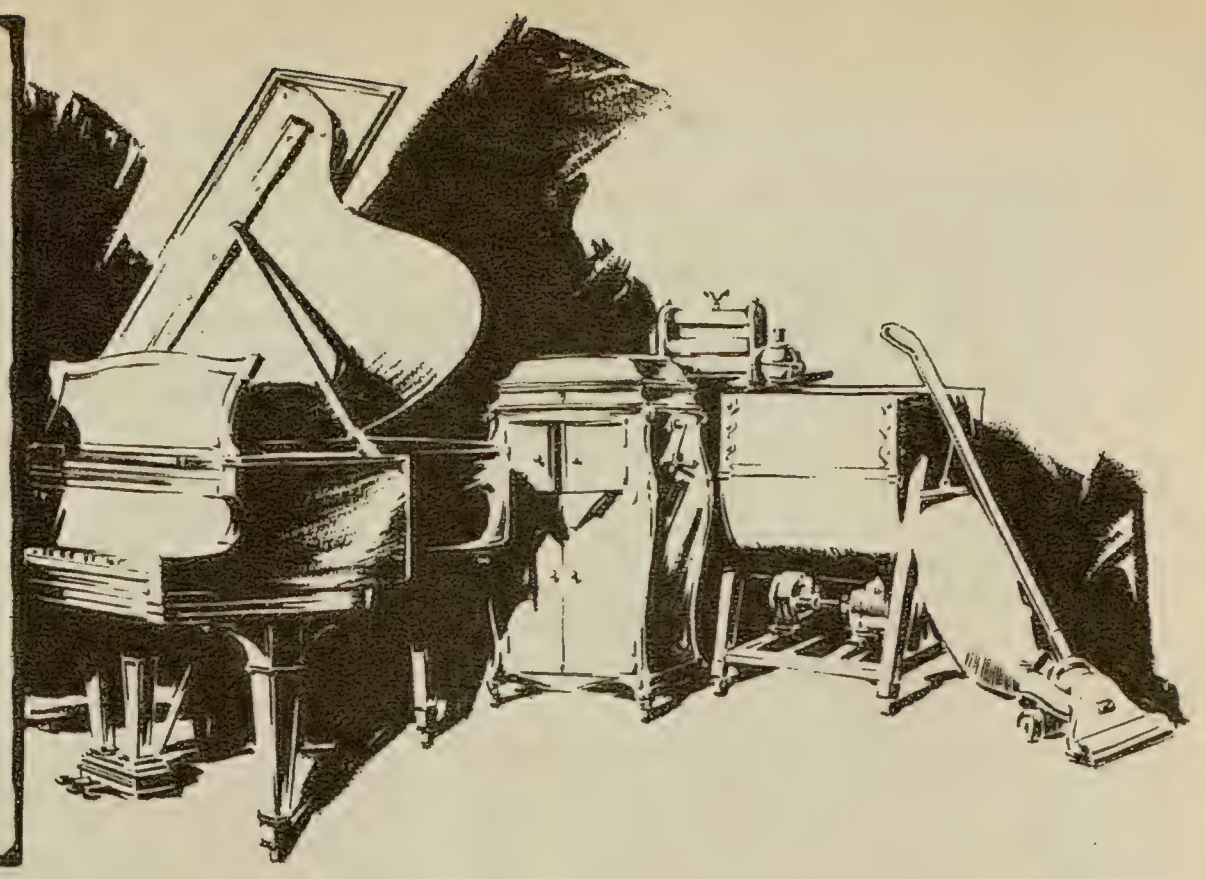
Into it, painfully, wearily, the vixen dragged her racked body. There she laid herself down on the leaf couch, spent and in torture. She had come to the end of her journey, though still a mile on the hither side of the den where she and Ruff were wont to sleep.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

HER SIDE; HIS SIDE

We'll begin next week a series of vital interest to everybody who is married or expects to be. It will show how the little differences that cause friction between couples have really *two sides*. For instance, we'll have Kathleen tell about "*Her Birthday*" and Jim give his account of it. They are real people, Jim and Kathleen, a real married couple. Read next week the first of the series:

"*This Marriage Business.*"



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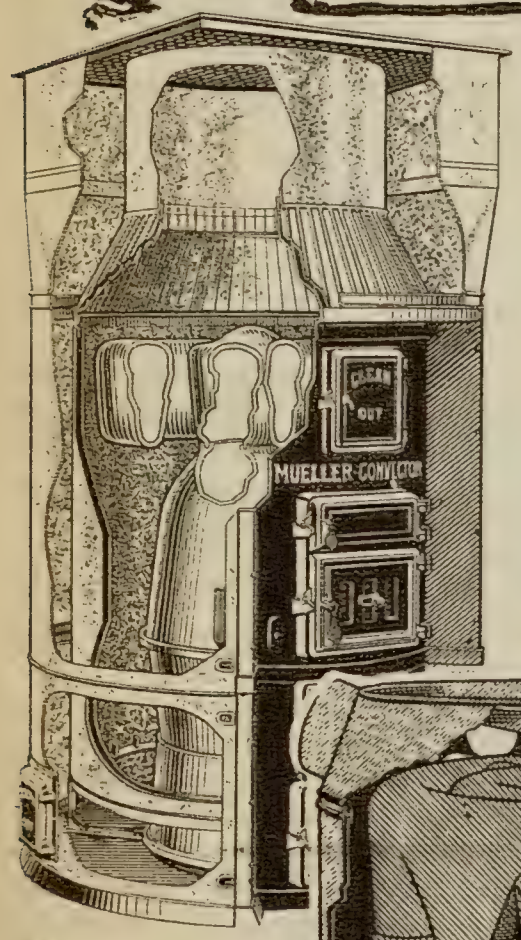

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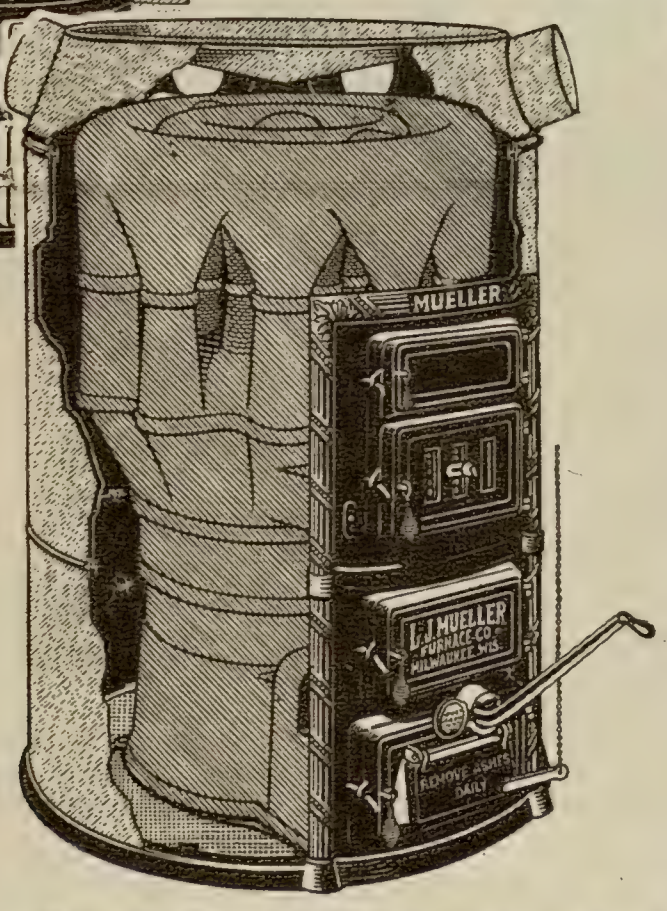

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

It was no hiding place, no safe refuge, this niche of rock wherein she lay. But it was the best substitute. Panting, she settled down to bear her anguish as best she might. Above her, at the opening of the niche, stood the heartsick dog that loved her.

Puzzled, miserable, tormented, he stood there. At times he would bend lown to lick the sufferer, crooning softly to her.

A rabbit scuttled across the snowy. open space in front of the cliff. With a dash Ruff was after him. A few rods away the chase ended in a reddened swirl of the snow. Back to Pitchdark trotted Ruff, the rabbit in his mouth. He laid the offering in front of her. But she was past eating or so much as noticing food.

Then, as he watched her, his deepset dark eyes sick with pity and grief, he stiffened to attention, and his lip curled away from his curving white teeth. The morning breeze bore to him a scent and a sound that had but one meaning.

The scent was of dogs. The sound was of multiple baying.

INSTINCTIVELY Ruff glanced at the cliff trail—the trail he could surmount so quickly and easily, to the safety of the peak's upper reaches. Then his unhappy gaze fell on Pitchdark. The baying and the odor had reached her even more keenly than it had reached Ruff. She tried to get to her feet. Failing, she fell to whimpering softly.

Once she peered up in piteous question at Ruff. The big collie was standing in front of the niche, shielding it with his strong body. His head was high and his eye had the look of eagles. Gone from his expression was the furtiveness of the wild. In this crisis he was all collie. The sun glazed on his flaming red-gold coat and his snowy mass of ruff and frill. Every muscle was tense. Every faculty was alert.

Zeb Harlow knew nothing about fox hunting. Indeed, he knew little enough about anything. But his fancy had been fired by tales of the silver fox hunt.

Before daybreak he was abroad, gun in hand. Going from one sleeping neighbor's to another's, he loosed and took along with him no fewer than five trained fox hounds.

As Zeb was traversing a wooded gully on the way to the ridge, the foremost hound gave tongue. The pack had come to the spot where Pitchdark had been crippled. From that point a blind mongrel puppy could have followed the pungent trail.

Oblivious of Harlow, for whom they had all a dog's amusedly tolerant contempt for an inefficient human leader, the quintet swept away on the track. Zeb made shift to follow as best he could.

Up the gully they roared and out into the hillside birch woods beyond and thence to the patch of broken ground over which Ruff had carried Pitchdark so tenderly. The scent was rankly strong now. It was breast high. No longer was there need to work with nostrils to earth. The dragging hind feet of the vixen were easy to follow.

Out into the cleared space they swung—the clearing with the ten foot cliff behind it. There, not fifty yards in front of them, clearly visible between the braced legs of a shimmering gold and white collie on guard at the niche opening, crouched their prey. Deliriously they rushed to the kill.

The kill was there. But so was the killer.

NO one fox hound on earth can down a normal collie. Most assuredly such a hound was not the half breed black and yellow leader of that impromptu pack. The black and yellow made for the niche, a clean dozen lengths ahead of his nearest follower. Blind to all but the lust of slaughter, he dived between the braced legs of the movelessly waiting collie and struck for the cowering vixen.

Ruff drove downward at him as the hound dived. The collie's terrible jaws clamped shut behind the base of the leader's skull. Ruff tossed high his head. The black and yellow was flung in air and fell back amid his onrushing fellows, his neck broken, his spinal cord severed.

But that was Ruff's last opportunity for individual fighting. The four following hounds were upon him, in one solid, battling mass. Noting their leader's fate, they did not make the error of trying to jostle past to the vixen. Instead, they sought to clear the way by flinging themselves ravenously on her solitary guard. There was no scope for scientific fighting or for craft. The four fastened upon the collie in murderous unison. They might more wisely have fastened upon a hornet nest.

Down under their avalanche of weight went Ruff, battling as he fell. But a collie down is not a collie beaten: As he fell, he slashed to the bone the nearest gaunt shoulder. By the time he had struck ground on his back he lunged upward for one flying spotted hind leg that chanced to flounder nearest to his jaws.

The fighting tricks of his long ago wolf ancestors came to him in his hour of stress. Catching the leg midway between hock and body, he gave a sidewise wrench to it that well nigh heaved off the whole pack which piled upon him. The possessor of the spotted hind leg screeched aloud and gave back, tumbling out of the ruck with a fractured and useless limb. Up from the tangle of fighting hounds arose Ruff, his golden coat a-smear with blood. High he reared above the surrounding heads. Slashing, tearing, dodging, wheeling, he fought free of his mangled foes.

For an instant, as they gathered their force for a new charge at this tigerlike adversary, the great collie stood clear of them all. A single bound would have carried him to the cliff trail. Thence to its top would have been a climb of less than half a second. At the summit he could have fought back an army of dogs or he could have made his escape to the fastnesses beyond. Never was there a fox hound that could keep pace with a racing collie.

THE coast was clear, if only for an instant. There was time—just time—for the leap. Ruff made the leap.

But he did not make it in the direction of the inviting trail. Instead, he sprang back again in front of the trembling vixen as she crouched in her niche.

A fox would have fled. So would a wolf or any other creature of the wild. But no longer was Ruff a creature of the wild. In his supreme moment he was all collie.

Whirling to face his oncoming enemies, he took his stand. And there the charge of the hounds crashed into him. He went down under it.

There were but three opponents atop him this time. The spotted hound was out of the fight, with a crunched leg and a craven heart. Nor were any of the three others unmarked by slash or nip or tear.

As Ruff fell he pulled one of the three down with him, his awful fangs busy at the hound's throat. A second of the trio rolled over with them, the forequarters of his inverted body sprawling within the niche. While he bit and roared at the fast rolling Ruff, the vixen saw her chance. Darting her head forward, she set her needle teeth deep in the hound's throat.

Instantly, seared by the hurt, he was upon her, ripping away at her unprotected back, tearing it and the brush to ribbons. But, with death at hand and with the rear half of her paralyzed, she did not abate the merciless grinding at the hound's throat. Presently the needle teeth found their jugular goal.

Ruff was up again, one of his assailants gasping out his life beneath him, the other with Pitchdark clinging in death to his cut throat. Torn and bleeding and panting as he was, Ruff flew at the fourth dog, the only one of the five still in fighting condition.

Before that one to one onset the crossbred hound's mongrel heart went back on him. He turned and fled, but not before Ruff's madly twisting jaws had lamed him for life.

The battle was fought and won. The young collie staggered, then righted himself. Crossing to Pitchdark, he bent painfully down and licked her face—the face whose teeth were locked in her dying oppressor's throat.

Crooning, licking, Ruff sought to make his loved little foster mother awaken. Then he lifted his head and wheeled wearily about to face a new intruder.

Across the snow toward him was clumping a chattering man who gripped in both hands a cocked gun and who was shouting foolishly in his excitement. Zeb Harlow had caught up to the hunt at last.

Ruff had not been so near to any human since he was a fortnight old. The carefully taught lessons of Pitchdark warned him to turn and flee. The cliff trail was still open to him. But into the brain, that was once again all collie, there seeped a queer sensation the big dog could not analyze.

His dear little comrade was dead. Without her the old life would be empty. His was the collie heritage—the stark need for comradeship, coupled with the unconscious craving to be owned by man and to give his devotion to man, his god.

Still unable to analyze his own unwonted feelings, Ruff bent again and licked Pitchdark's dead face. Then, hesitating, he took a step toward the stormily advancing Harlow. He took another irresolute step, paused again, and wagged his plumy tail.

* * * * * * *

"Attacked me, he did!" bragged Zeb Harlow, that night at the store. "Come straight for me, like he was going to eat me alive. But I stopped him, all right, all right. I stood my ground. After the second step he took I let him have both bar'ls. You saw for yourselves what he looked like after he tried to tackle me!"

FROM TENT SHOW TO ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

In one jump! That's the record made by PATSY SALMON. She's the little western girl who, through her sweet personality, her kindness, and her unquestioned ability, made such a hit with the sport writers at the Dempsey-Gibbons bout in Montana that their glowing accounts found her a place in Mr. Ziegfeld's organization. How many girls would envy her! Unknown except to a small section of the country, she attained Broadway without effort; went over the heads of thousands who have toiled hard and long toward that glamorous goal. And yet Patsy isn't satisfied. Read why the triumph, the success that would be heaven to many a country or city girl, was a disappointment to her. In the May 10th number.

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YOU NEED MORE THAN ONE BELT

LESS THAN 24 HOURS TO LIVE

A Personal Experience in the Valley of the Shadow

By Montague Glass

SUPPOSE the doctor asked you for the name of your next of kin or closest friend, based on distance and not on blood! Suppose he told you you had twenty-four hours to live! What would your sensation be?

Montague Glass, famous writer and dramatist, faced this situation. The doctor was wrong: Mr. Glass lived, and now tells the story.

There is an interesting offer appended to this piece for the best article on the subject:

"What would YOU do with twenty-four hours to live?"

I.

"AND in that instant the whole of the contents of my safe deposit box passed before my eyes," I might begin this article.

"What instant?" you ask, because you probably don't know about my narrow squeak—when the doctor said we'd better take whatever room in whatever hospital we could find.

He said *we* as though he and I were going to climb on the table together and share a pleasant convalescence in twin beds, but what he really and truly meant was that I was to be the silent partner in the transaction and, unless the transaction were to be initiated forthwith, the silence of my silent partnership would be protracted indefinitely.

As a matter of fact, he didn't have to tell me what he meant. At that particular moment I was two distinct personalities. One of me was busily occupied with an acute pain rather low down in front on the right side, and a bed-shaking chill which had been going on, it seemed to the physical me, for days and days. This was shortly followed by a high fever, and, observing all these symptoms, my mental "me," which was exceptionally clear and calm, argued quite correctly that in all probability the absolute divorce of these two personalities, which is called *death*, was a matter of hours.

Now death ought not to be treated as material for levity, and if it appears that I have viewed my own impending departure too lightly, let me say by way of apology that for a great many years it has been my job to derive humor from such solemn events as peace conferences, economic crises, strikes, and other happenings that have been most serious to a great many people. You must therefore take my word for it that, as my mind was working with the utmost clearness, I could not help appreciating whatever there was of humor about my own critical condition.

ALL this occurred in New York on a Sunday afternoon in May, and, fortunately for me, a bright and pleasant Sunday it was, too, because had it been raining the doctor who had been attending me would not have gone trout fishing. He went trout fishing at about seven o'clock that morning, and before leaving he had called on me in the room and assured me I was getting on splendidly. The night before he had rubbed me with mustard oil and had prescribed an internal remedy which, in conjunction with the mustard oil, brought about a very successful general peritonitis.

Had the doctor who went fishing stayed at home I might not have sent for the gentleman to whose skill I owe my present fairly normal health. Instead, this amateur of trout—and of intestinal diseases—would have been prescribing for me ten grains of aspirin every three hours, and the chances are I would have taken eight doses, up to and including the arrival of the undertaker.

Therefore, I consider fishing to be, as one might say, the king of outdoor amusements. In a measure, I attribute my present physical vigor to trout fishing, and any manufacturer of trout fishing supplies may make such use of this testimonial as he may think proper. In continuing this narrative, let it be understood that all references made to doctors hereafter exclude the trout fisherman. I don't precisely hope that some day, when he is casting from the bank of a dark pool of great depth and loneliness, his foot will slip, but I will go so far as to say if (heaven forbid) it *should* happen, it might, after all, be for the ultimate benefit of sufferers from intestinal diseases.

Montague Glass and his daughter.

ON this pleasant Sunday afternoon, then, to continue with my last moments, I lay in my hotel bedroom, attended by the doctor and my sisters, who had by this time arrived from their homes uptown.

You may conceive that at last I had begun to fix my mind upon solemn things. I am sorry to say that I didn't. The fact that my mind had so short a time at its disposal made it obstinately more concerned with such worldly matters as the moving picture I was engaged upon, my regularly weekly article, my monthly contribution to a magazine, and a play which I had just finished in collaboration with Jules Eckert Goodman.

You cannot coerce an active mind. It will refuse to grow sentimental in the face of unfinished mental business.

I therefore directed the doctor and my sisters to telephone for Jules and other friends for whom I had an important message—and let me say at once that I deliberately intended to embody this message in the form of a deathbed request, for the human mind is never quite guileless when it operates in the interest of its accompanying matter. What I wanted to do was to charge them—as solemnly as a man who is not habitually solemn *can* charge—to look after my wife and daughter, three thousand miles away, in California.

This being done (the telephoning, not the charging), my mind reverted to such mundane things as my laundry, the books which always accumulate in my hotel room thirty-six hours after my arrival, my baggage, and an unfinished article upon my portable typewriter.

However, it might just as well have been engaged upon more ethereal affairs as far as my cuff links and my Oxford Book of Verse were concerned. In the excitement following the arrival of the ambulance the room was left unguarded long enough for somebody with a taste for poetry and moderate priced jewelry to enter and help himself.

II.

BUT I am anticipating the arrival of the ambulance, which was announced first by a clanging of bells on the street outside my win-

dows and secondly by three loud knocks on my room door.

I distinctly remember thinking at the time that the ambulance attendants must have been students of the Continental drama. The curtain was about to go up on the last act and the three loud knocks introduced what I conceived to be my farewell appearance on any stage.

Then ensued complications of which I was at once the victim and the witness. The hotel at which I was staying is an establishment of much age and excellent reputation—well deserved, too. But it has only one elevator, and that one has been inserted between a wall and a staircase so snugly that if in addition to the attendant a male and a female guest of the hotel occupy the cage together they ought at least to be engaged to be married. Consequently it was impossible for me to be conveyed to the street level (my room was on the second floor) except by hand.

Like all writers who tell for gain the intimate details of their personal surgery, I weigh over two hundred and ten pounds, which is distributed over six feet of height and a fair amount of breadth, particularly at the waistline. The ambulance attendants, both Germans, were, on the contrary, short and slender, but in getting me down that one long flight of stairs they received the equivalent of six months' membership in an active turnverein.

Their struggle to bring me safely to the street level was witnessed by the entire personnel of the hotel, which had gathered in the hallway. It is made up almost wholly of Frenchmen, who received my appearance with that respectful silence which a French crowd usually exhibits in the presence of French policemen taking down the particulars of a street accident.

Among them I noticed the barber who only the day before had given me a haircut and a long *histoire* of how he had returned to San Remo with his family to join his brother as proprietor of a hotel barber shop over there, and how the piccolo of their new shop (a piccolo being a brush boy, and not a musical instrument) had almost wrecked what in America had been a perfect union by reporting some few kindnesses shown to the lady manicurist.

By his side stood Joseph, who, although entirely French, needs only a dirty black soutane and battered shovel hat to be the parroco of any Andalusian village. Joseph's hands were clasped in front of him and his face bore so genuine an expression of horror and despair that for the moment I felt quite flattered. I had never suspected that Joseph had ever regarded me as anything but a customer at his corner table in the basement restaurant, but during my convalescence Joseph was to prove himself my devoted dietitian and friend who knew from personal experience just what foods would nourish back to health a somewhat cut up digestive tract, for Joseph at sixty was a veteran of the World War—three times wounded in action.

Well, to proceed with my journey: I saw from my pillow in the ambulance lower Fifth Avenue receding in vistas of tall and dingy loft buildings and I recollect thinking to myself as we swung into a cross street and thence up Tenth Avenue that it was not difficult to take leave of that kind of landscape. I was about to say something of the sort to my sister, who accompanied me in the ambulance, but remembered in time to give it an optimistic twist by telling her that it would be at least six weeks before I would have to travel Tenth Avenue again. I was less of an optimist than I thought. It was one day short of five weeks that I was once more riding down Tenth Avenue in an automobile admiring the scenery, as only scenery such as that *could* be admired—by somebody who had never hoped to look on any sort of scenery again.

Perhaps you think I'm getting ahead of my story. I am, but to the purpose that none shall be too much outraged by a dying man behaving with unbecoming levity. After all, a dying man who recovers may be excused some little cheerfulness. Nor do I want the reader to be placed in the situation of the old lady who was listening to a sad story told by her friend.

"When I was born," said the friend, "I was so small you could put me into a pint cup."

"And did you live?" the old lady asked.

"Yes," the friend replied, "and done well."

And so did I, but at that time when I was being transferred from the ambulance to one of the smallest private rooms of one of the best hospitals in America my consciousness, by reason of pain, fever, and probably a sedative of some sort, had attained a plane where there was no past or future—only a present, in which I was solemnly to charge two of my best friends to look after my wife and child.

As soon as I was placed in bed I had these two friends brought into the room, but the far-from-solemn habits of a lifetime are not to be overcome in three hours of critical illness. We exchanged a few commonplaces, cracked a couple of stale and obvious jokes about operations, and then, as they were about to leave, I asked them to do what they could for my wife and little girl in case anything happened to me, but I found myself quite incapable of putting it into the form of a deathbed request.

Perhaps the principal reason why I was so colloquial about this last solemn charge was that one of the friends is and has been my constant collaborator in the writing of plays, and I was half afraid he might say to me:

"Well, of course, old man, I defer to you in the matter of what you believe to be funny lines, but I can tell you right now that if you think that last speech is something a man would say on his deathbed you're all wrong."

He might then have proceeded to tell me exactly how the deathbed request was made in every deathbed scene of the last twenty-five theatrical seasons, for my collaborator is a double riveted expert in his profession of playwright, and the first thing you know we would have been involved in a dispute as to just exactly what a human being *would* say on his deathbed which might have lasted until either he or I was under an anæsthetic. I therefore let the solemn charge go as a simple request and surrendered myself to a heart specialist, who made just as thorough an examination of me as though I had applied for a hundred thousand dollar twenty payment policy in a conservative life insurance company.

The examination appeared to be satisfactory. In fact, I was in splendid health except for general peritonitis and a temperature of about 104 degrees Fahrenheit, and there seemed to be nothing standing in the way of an immediate transfer to a sort of rolling cot, which was accomplished without much difficulty. That is to say, not more than three nurses and a couple of orderlies with the usual number of internes strained at the task of lifting me from the bed to the rolling cot, and I was at once being propelled down the corridor toward another small room. There I found my doctor awaiting me, with another gentleman who but for a costume which I am now unable to remember—no doubt it was the conventional white prescribed for such occasions—might have been one of a reception committee at a chamber of commerce luncheon.

"O, Dr. Smith," my doctor said, "this is Mr. Glass."

Dr. Smith was most cordial.

"Well, well," he said, and I have no doubt he would have shaken my hand except that they were strapped down to the little rolling cot. "Mr. Glass, you've given me a great deal of enjoyment in the past, and . . ."

This sort of greeting, whether merited or not, is quite familiar to writers of popular fiction and drama, and I was formulating in my mind the modest thanks which are expected at such times when his enthusiasm was interrupted by a calm feminine voice, which said: "Take a deep breath, please." And then occurred one of those phenomena which is best explained by the story of the soldier who was asked how it felt to go over the top.

"You 'ear a terrible bang," he replied, "and then a lady in a white cap says: 'Try to drink a little of *this*.'"

That is to say, it takes five days to travel from Coronado, California, to the corner of Tenth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York. Nevertheless, although my wife accomplished the journey by the ordinary transcontinental railroad route and not on a magic carpet, almost immediately after that feminine voice had asked me to take a deep breath it seemed to me that my wife appeared in my small room—and, as I said before, a little more than a month later I was once more engaged in the contemplation of my *next* moments and not my last.

And what, you ask, is the moral of all this? Nothing, except that if you remain calm in the presence of what Ring Lardner and I call the Great Reaper, you can always write an article about it afterward, and—who knows—get paid for it.

GOLF, LOVE, EFFICIENCY!

These are the ingredients used to make up the merry tale of Theophilus K. Scrugham and the red-headed Dorgan boy—"Temporarily Out of Order"—that you'll enjoy in our next number. It's about the best so far turned out by the popular humorist,

WILLIAM SLAVENS M'NUTT

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

What would you do if the doctors told you you could not live to see another day? Twenty-five dollars will be paid for the best letter of 200 words or less on this subject written by a reader. Address letters to "24 Hours to Live," care The Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, Chicago.

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HERE'S A BABY GIRL WHO IS WORTH MANY TIMES HER WEIGHT IN GOLD

ENGLAND'S RICHEST BABY. This is the first picture of Lady Mountbatten, heiress of the rich Sir Ernest Cassel, and her baby daughter. International Photo.

HERE'S THE FAMED BONUS BILL! It isn't much to look at, perhaps, but it created a lot of excitement, fears, and hopes before being launched on its way. Representative R. R. Green of Iowa is holding it. International Photo.

"BROADWAY'S ANGEL," Miss Rheba Crawford of the Salvation army, won many converts on the Great White Way. Then Harold Sommers, a crippled war hero who achieved wealth in four years on a capital of a thin dime, converted her—to matrimony. She is now Mrs. Sommers. P. & A. Photo

IF YOU SHOULD MEET A MASHER OR A ROBBER, what would you do? Here is a lesson in how to meet such an emergency, as taught to the women members of the New York police department. Nothing can stump them after they get through with this training. P. & A. Photo.

FOLLOWING THE LATEST FASHION EDICT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

EVIDENTLY A NEW VOGUE has been set by the prince. This remarkable photograph, snapped at Hawthorne Hill, England, during the novices' steeplechase, shows three riders falling from their mounts, while a fourth is about to follow them to the ground.

P. & A. Photo.

LIFTING THE HAREM VEIL. This rare picture shows three wives of the Sultan of Morocco who had the courage to pose without their ancient face wrappings.

P. & A. Photo.

GASSED. This everyday hero of the New York fire department was one of many overcome by gas during a fire in a government liquor warehouse. He is being brought back to life while anxious comrades watch.

International Newsreel Photo.

HOW YOUR RADIO TUBES ARE MADE. This engineer, attached to the Radio Corporation of America, is showing how the delicate and vital filament is welded to a radio tube. The exhibit was a feature of the first radio exposition ever held in Washington, D. C.

P. & A. Photo.

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(2770)

MUSSOLINI'S EYE TURNS TOWARD THE MILITARY SUPREMACY OF THE AIR

ITALY'S NEW FIRST LINE OF AERIAL DEFENSE. Three hundred planes ready to take the air from a single field near the seven hills of ancient Rome. Premier Benito Mussolini is said to have ordered an immediate increase in the number of aircraft available for emergency use, that Italy may become one of the leading air powers.

International Newsreel Photo.

FASTEST OF HUMAN BEINGS is Charley Paddock, who is shown distancing Eddie Sudden in a burst of speed at San Francisco. Charley, having been reinstated and made eligible by the Amateur Athletic union, is training for the sprints in the Olympic games.

P. & A. Photo.

FROZEN IN THE ICE FOR THREE WEEKS with a starving crew, this German cutter is at last receiving a welcome supply of food from the cruiser Braunschweig, a remnant of the German navy.

International Newsreel Photo.

NEW CONTENDER ENTERS LIST FOR BASEBALL CROWN AS "KING OF SWAT."

HERE IS HARVARD'S TRAINING BARGE "LEVIATHAN," the idea for which was brought from Oregon by Coach Stevens. It was launched on the Charles river a few days ago and promptly put to use. The barge seats ten husky oarsmen on each side—twenty all told—and has a deck down the center, along which Coach Stevens perambulates with a watchful eye upon his charges. United Photo.

BABE RUTH AND NONE OTHER warming up for the season at the Yankees' New Orleans camp. Swinging the same wicked bat as when he scored 54 homers in 1920, 59 in 1921, 35 in 1922, and 41 in 1923, the Bambino evidently thinks his crown as King of Swat is on tight. P. & A. Photos.

BABE HAS A POSSIBLE RIVAL, however, in Lou Gehrig of the Yankees, a hard hitter only 20 years old, who also has piled up many homers. Here he is, preparing to lace out a swift one, with Bennie Bengough behind the mask. Gehrig first attracted attention with a Chicago high school team. P. & A. Photos.

CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

The introduction of charming color and line in bathroom appointments is a significant recent development in American homes of refinement.

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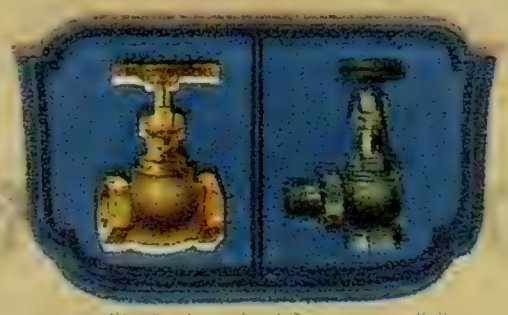

Crane Globe Valve No. 1B *Crane Radiator Valve No. 220*

The ROPE THAT WASN'T LONG ENOUGH

By William Almon Wolff

Pictures by J. J. GOULD

YOU'LL like this short story if you like to read about a fellow who is willing to take a big chance for a big stake. Bill Hathaway is that kind of a fellow, and if you'll start with him on his big adventure, whether he wins or loses, your sympathy will be with him to the end.

I.

THE train had stopped, for which Bill Hathaway was grateful, because he hated to walk through a moving train, and he had just finished breakfast and he wanted to go back to the observation platform and smoke. Early in the day though it was, he was bored. Trains always did bore him. But he expected to have a pretty good time at the house party for which he was bound.

Idly, as he wandered through the long train, Bill took note of the fact that it was at a station that the train had stopped. It didn't look like the sort of station at which a really good train would stop; he had glimpses, from windows, of a row of shops, a dejected looking station, a long platform. It took a moving object really to catch his eye; in this case a sedan that drew up beside the platform.

He watched an elderly man climb over bags and suitcases and get out. And then, a moment or so later, he saw a girl descend from the car.

And, upon the instant, Bill ceased to be bored. For he knew this girl. That is—well, it might be put so, that he *knew* her. He did, in a manner of speaking.

And he sprinted for the nearest vestibule and dropped to the ground—observing, perhaps subconsciously, that the porter was wandering about aimlessly, as if the train meant to stay there quite a long time.

A brisk wind blew her white skirt tight about her and made her orange sweater hug her close. It set her short hair to waving, too; it might account for the color in her cheeks, although Bill knew, of course, that that didn't follow. She hadn't seen him get off the train, so she was smiling. Bill knew she'd stop smiling as soon as she did see him. But he walked right up to her, just the same.

"Lord, but you look nice today!" he said.

She spun around and looked at him. And she did stop smiling, and frowned instead, and looked very severe, indeed—and a severe look from her was just about the last word in severity. But he didn't quail.

"Well——!" she said. And that was a mistake. She should have maintained a silence dignified enough to match her look. Then, aware of her error, she proceeded to make bad worse. "Are there no limits to your—your——"

And still worse!

"—your—your—your——"

He looked interested.

"—effrontery!" she achieved, at last. She was by no means sure of all the syllables, but it shook Bill.

"Well——" he said. "Well—yes, there are. But this isn't the same as it was before, at all."

"I'd like to know why it isn't?" she said, still severely, but not quite so severely.

"Well, you see—that first time—of course I didn't really know you at all, then," he said, in the tone of one making rather a handsome admission. "And now—well, I do know you now, in a way, don't I? I mean to say, we have met—sort of—haven't we?"

She might as well have slapped him as have looked at him as she did.

"You're hopeless!" she said.

"Oh, no—no!" he insisted. "Really, I'm not. I'm—I'm not confident exactly, but I am hopeful."

And he smiled, in a manner that really was engaging.

"You needn't be!" she snapped. "I would not know you now if you found twenty of my oldest friends to introduce you!"

"But, look here!" he said. "You *do* know me. You knew me right away just now—just as soon as you saw me. And every time you'll know me a little better until—"

She wasn't looking at him any more. Her eyes, interested, speculative, had wandered away from him.

"Didn't you get off that train?" she asked suddenly.

"Train? What train?"

He turned to look. The only train there was moving. Not fast yet, but purposefully. It was going away. Trains make you hurry so with tenses. It was gone. Bill chuckled.

"Why, yes," he said, "I did." His chuckle grew into a laugh. "That's one on me, rather, isn't it?"

And then suddenly he thought of something else. His hands went into his pockets. He continued to laugh.

"I'll say it is! I forgot to change the things in my pockets! Money—cigarets—all going—gone!"

His thoughts continued to be active. "I say—how did you know I got off that train?"

"OH, I guessed." But that wasn't quite good enough. Not for Bill. Not when she blushed like that—and there couldn't be any doubt about her color this time.

A brisk wind blew her white skirt tight about her.

"Well," he said, profoundly cheerful, "that's that!"

"It certainly is!" she said viciously. "Haven't you any money at all in those clothes?"

He explored his pockets again; brought up a handkerchief, a package of cigarets flattened out by a pressing iron.

"Not a cent! But here's a bit of luck!" He extracted one of the cigarets. "May I?"

She made a face.

"No go; I haven't a match, of course," he said mournfully.

"Oh——!" she exclaimed furiously.

But then she smiled. It was not really a smile to cheer one who stood with her as Bill did, though.

"You've no money at all?"

Bill muffed that one badly.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

How 300,000 women saved their hair —*this new way*

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There is now a way, Madam, of stimulating hair-life. Of bringing hair to new vigor and growth. To new richness of color and lustre. We have proved this to over 300,000 women in the last two years.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

"No," he said. "But it doesn't matter. Please don't think of——"

He was hanged if he'd take any from her! He needn't have worried, though.

"That makes things much simpler," she said. "Do you see that black sedan over there? Well, in about one minute my father is coming back from sending some telegrams, and we're going away in it. Ever and *ever* so far away! I will never come here again—or anywhere else you're likely to be, if you ever *do* get away. And so——"

"I see," he said. "Yes. You've got a good chance to shake me!"

He looked so crestfallen that she was almost sorry for him. His friends could have told her that it was when he looked like that that you must be most on your guard.

"It's your fault," she said. "If——"

It never even occurred to Bill that here, at the eleventh hour, was his chance to make his peace with her. But then, of course, he wasn't looking at matters from her point of view, and he didn't want honorable terms, and peace without the victory, and that sort of thing, anyway.

What he was actually looking at was a very red, very low, very high powered motor car that an aggressive looking man in a most improbable golf suit had parked by the platform—and had left unlocked.

"My own fault?" he repeated, rather absently. "Oh, of course—and it's perfectly all right, really——"

"Good-by!" she said, in a pink rage, and held out her hand just to make him feel worse. But he was consistently outrageous to the end; he took and kissed it, instead of shaking it, and, though she snatched it away as quickly as she could, you could see, even though Bill didn't, that she was having some difficulty in explaining matters to her father, who came along just afterward.

He watched the sedan start away and didn't hesitate, once they were off; he'd made up his mind some time before, while she had supposed he was worrying about his penniless estate.

Bill took a chance—because he had no real choice, in the matter—on the man in the golf suit, slipped down behind the steering wheel of his high powered car, stepped on the starter, and gave chase to the sedan.

He looked first at the gasoline tank, whereupon she turned her back.

NOTHING happened; nothing whatever. No one yelled "Stop thief! Hey! Come back, there!"

It hadn't been likely that any one would, except the man in the golf suit, and Bill had just bet with Fate that he would be out of sight of his car. He'd turn up presently, of course, and make the devil of a fuss, and turn out the state police, and send telegrams in all directions, and be most frightfully dogged and persistent.

But about what would, in anything from five to fifty minutes, begin happening Bill was sublimely unconcerned. He was going to have no trouble in keeping the sedan in sight, and that was, for the moment, all that mattered.

After a time the sedan slipped around a curve; Bill had slowed down, as he thought, or her father had become reckless. It was several moments before Bill, too, got around that curve, and they were anxious ones; the sedan might have turned off the road.

But he needn't have worried. The sedan was in plain sight. In fact, it had stopped; stopped, moreover, in that indefinably flat and positive way that means trouble.

Father and daughter stood by their engine as Bill drove up. He stopped, of course, and sprang out.

She looked at him. It seems futile, on the whole, to try to describe that look. It represented an attempt to register emotions that might have baffled even a cinema actress of experience.

"Hello!" said Bill brightly. "It's you, isn't it? Trouble?"

Her father considered an appropriate reply.

"Yes," he said finally. "The—the damned thing stopped."

"Ah!" said Bill.

He looked first at the gasoline tank, whereupon she turned her back. Bill didn't care. He knew the book of this sort of thing. At least ten or twelve gallons, though. Then he bent over the motor in a manner calculated to make it understand the hopelessness of trying to deceive him. He played with the carburetor; tried the starter; did Swedish exercises with the crank; looked grave. Then he said, "Ah!" again. And:

"It's the distributor," he announced. "Rotten in this car. There's a connection and now—well, I mean to say, now there isn't. You don't get any spark."

"How long will it take to fix it?"

Father speaking:

"About six minutes—after you get the part," said Bill. "The record for getting that is three weeks and two days. They always have to send to the factory, and the factory seems to resent it."

Father looked as if that had been exactly what he had expected to hear.

"I *did* have a tow rope," said Bill. "Let's see——"

BUT he wasn't sorry that the golfer's extraordinarily complete equipment didn't include a rope.

"Sorry," said Bill. "Perhaps you——?"

"Oh, no," said her father, with concentrated bitterness. "You needn't waste time looking, Dorothy. There's nothing one could use—just a lot of tools."

"Have to get the next garage to send back and tow her in, then," said Bill. "But I'll take you wherever you're going, of course."

"Ah, thanks! Very good of you, Mr.——" He stopped and glared at his daughter, who jumped.

"Oh, yes!" she said. "You haven't met, have you? My father, Judge Preston, Mr.—Mr.—Schmalz!"

Bill felt that she deserved some credit for that. Still, in simple fairness to himself, he couldn't have it. He laughed merrily.

"Sorry!" he said. "Don't wonder, though—most people are such dumbbells about introductions. You've got me mixed with old Sam. I am Hathaway—Bill Hathaway——"

"Hathaway?" said the judge. Bill wished he wouldn't look so beastly professional. "Name's familiar——"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

"He writes plays!" said Dorothy, and Bill stared at her, and she grew faintly red.

"That's it," said the judge. "Knew I'd heard it. Man I know had to go to a theatre party the other night. Your play. He and his wife were having words about it, rather, when I dined with them."

"She didn't like it?" said Bill.

"Oh, *she* did!" said the judge, as if that pleased her. "Will that car of yours run?"

"Of course it will!" said Dorothy. "If you'd bought one, as I begged you to, instead of that—that—hearse——!"

II.

BILL raced his motor for a few moments, made a wholly superfluous adjustment of the carburetor, while his keen eye noticed the number of the engine, and then proceeded to transfer stuff from the sedan. The judge took charge of the operation, and when it was just too late for her to do anything about it Dorothy saw that they had filled up all the space in the rear seat except that occupied by her father. The air of resignation with which she settled into the seat beside Bill was very well done.

"Where to?" said Bill.

"Harrod's," said the judge.

Bill waited, expectantly.

"Harrod's," repeated the judge. "Don't you know this country?"

"Not—er—not very well," said Bill.

"I assumed you lived around here; you have no luggage with you——"

"Yes, but—you see——"

"It's a camp," said Dorothy. "There's a lake that sounds as if a German had tried to invent an Indian name. Go straight on to Smith's Corners and we'll ask the way from there on."

"I see," said Bill. They started. She sat perfectly still, looking straight ahead. Bill admired her profile, but ten miles of it seemed enough.

"Beautiful day," he said, after a good deal of thought.

"Isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, upon reflection.

"Pretty good road?" he ventured, after another mile and a half.

"Splendid!"

"Warm enough?"

"Quite, thank you."

"Like the windshield down?"

"No, thanks."

Three miles of silence.

"Ever going to let up on me?"

One mile of profile.

"Oh, I say—have a heart!"

"No, thanks."

Subsidence of Mr. William Hathaway, the well known playwright.

"YOU'RE going too fast," said Dorothy after a time. "Father doesn't like it."

"I know things he'd like less," said Bill. "Is there a telegraph office at Smith's Corners?"

"I don't know," she said. "But it doesn't matter to you. You haven't any money."

He gave her, morosely, the look that is practically the lone survivor in man's armory of that array of weapons that gave him once the upper hand in the warfare of the sexes. It maddened her, because it was the only thing he could do to which she had no rejoinder.

"How should *you* understand?" it said. "You're wonderful—you're everything—*but* you're a woman, after all. Ten minutes ago—tomorrow—but *now* you don't count!"

"Look here!" she said. "Where did you get this car?"

"Hanged if I know! I never noticed the name of the place."

"You know what I mean! Whose is it?"

"I don't know that, either. Chap in a silly suit—all green and purple. I never saw him before. He didn't lock his switch."

She devoted a mile or so to the proper assimilation of that information. Then she nodded.

"I never thought of that," she admitted.

Bill wished he knew the road. To some extent he did; he had the real driver's instinct for what lay around a turn. It was that which lifted his foot from the gas half a mile before he reached a long, sweeping curve; brought him so, at a sedate twenty-five miles an hour, into an orderly, elm lined street.

Peace brooded upon it; at the sight of a blue clad figure with lifted hand Bill slid down to a quivering stop, his throttle open, his hand upon his gear lever.

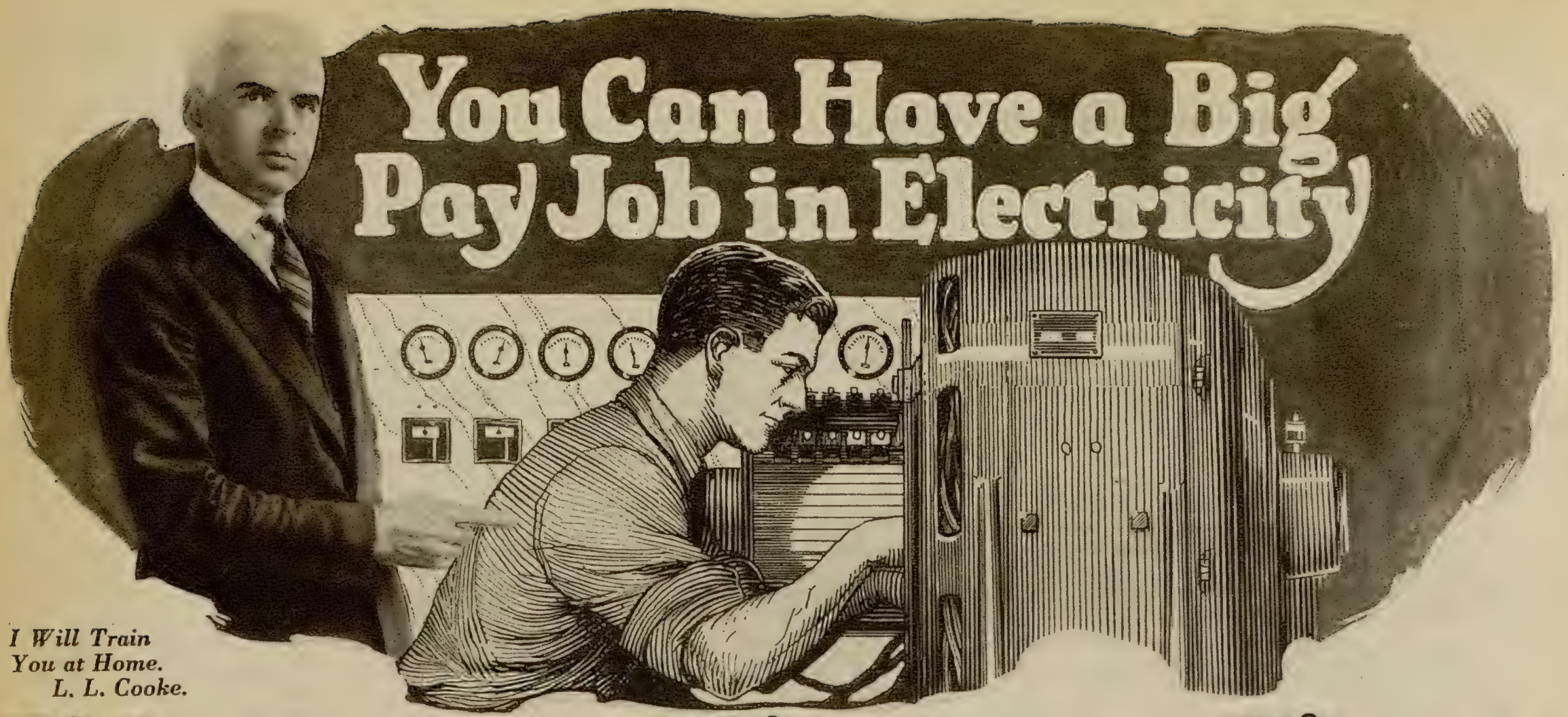
The constable regarded them closely. But not with Bill's engaging smile, not in a manner so calm, almost so prim, do the desperate drivers of stolen cars come into town.

"All right!" he said. "Lookin' for a car—same make. Not you, though. Nice day!"

Bill waved his hand; passed on. He looked at Dorothy. She was breathing a little fast,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

"You're in my car that was stolen in Whitby this morning——



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]
that was all.

"Oh, you're the other seven wonders of the world!" he said.

"He never looked at the number," she said. "Why——?"

"I know!" Bill frowned. "That had me guessing, too. Of course, we look respectable, but still——"

He couldn't understand that omission. It was like an extra piece in a puzzle, put in just to make things harder. All very well to call the man a fool, but that wasn't enough. Far back in Bill's mind was the explanation that had occurred to him at once—pushed back, so, because it was so absurd, so utterly impossible.

III.

HE drove more slowly now, and paid less attention to the road. It presented no particular problems anyway.

Again, before them, a policeman held up a warning hand.

And beside him, gesticulating like one demented, danced the man in the improbable golf suit. He was flushed with rage to the color of a newly boiled lobster. He wasn't in the least glad to see his car again; he was simply eager for vengeance upon Bill.

Bill stopped and regarded the golfer with disapproving eyes.

"There they are!" he was yelling. "There are the rotten crooks!"

Bill turned deprecatingly to Dorothy. But behind him the judge rose in his wrath.

"What do you mean, sir?" he said. "Whom are you addressing? I would have you know——"

"Oh, go to the devil, you!" said the golfer. "You're in my car that was stolen in Whitby this morning by this—this——"

He lacked imagination.

"—this crook!" he said, repeating himself lamely.

"Yes?" said Bill sweetly. He smiled at the policeman. "*Your* car? One of us seems to be mistaken! You have your license card, I suppose?"

Crimson yielded to a rich Tyrean purple in the golfer's face. Bill's heart, that, for a moment, had stopped beating, went back triumphantly to work.

He had been right! The one grotesque explanation of why the other constable hadn't looked at the car's number was the right one. Its owner hadn't known it himself!

"I—I—as it happens — another coat —— But I know my own car, you crook! And you were seen to take it!"

"By you?"

"I—I—damn it, sir, no! But you were described—accurately—by those who did."

Bill looked about.

"And they recognize me—now?"

Again the golfer danced in his rage.

"They're not here!" he shouted.

Bill looked again at the policeman, who scratched his head.

"You claim this party's mistook?" he said.

"You put it charitably," said Bill.

The golfer sputtered.

"You remember the engine number, perhaps?"

"I—I—no, I don't!"

"One thousand four hundred and sixteen, series 11-Y," said Bill—and blessed his freakish, cameralike memory and that wholly unnecessary inspection of the motor he had made! "If you'll lift the hood on the right side, officer, and look—yes, right on the crank case——"

"That's right—fourteen hundred and sixteen, 11-Y," said the officer.

"LET this farce end!" said the judge sternly. He had stepped from the car, and before the menace of his lifted finger the golfer quailed. "This gentleman is Mr. William Hathaway, a playwright of some distinction. [It was like him, Bill reflected, to say "some."] I am Judge Preston of the Supreme Court of New York. Mr. Hathaway is a friend of my daughter's—whose presence you, sir, judging from your language, have not observed."

"But—but——" The golfer was beginning to have doubts. "You——" Bill's smile fanned his rage again. "Where's your *license* card?"

"I left it in another coat," said Bill sweetly.

Some one in the little crowd that had gathered laughed. So did some others. But, regrettably, from Bill's point of view, the golfer's intelligence, hitherto a minus quantity, chose that moment in which to assert itself.

"Look here!" he said. "I can prove that's my car. Telegraph to Albany — ask whose name goes with that number."

"Excellent!" said the judge. "There must be some place here where one can lunch?"

"Satisfied!" said Bill.

"Pull over to the curb—telegraph office is in the station," said the constable. "I'll watch the car."

The judge and the golfer drafted the dispatch. Bill, to whom it was referred, nodded an indifferent approval. Since he could hardly hope to substitute the number of his own plates, he didn't care how they put it! Casually, then, while the judge went to the newsstand, and Dorothy glanced at a mirror, and the golfer chewed an unlighted cigar, Bill approached the ticket office and asked some questions.

The golfer went outside to smoke his cigar—choosing the street, not the platform. Bill rejoined the judge and Dorothy.

"I've been finding out things," he said. "There's a good train for New York in five minutes. I really think we'd better take it."

"So do I," said Dorothy. She regarded Bill balefully. "It's a long rope that wouldn't hang you." The judge only stared.

"You see," said Bill, "it really *is* his car."

The judge looked first at Bill and then at his daughter. And then he proved that he was, beyond all doubt, her father.

"Ah!" he said. "Yes, I see. You're quite right about the train. We'd better take it."

THEY wandered out in the manner of people killing time. They crossed the tracks—and were, consequently, completely hidden from the golfer and the constable so soon as the train came in.

"I want a drawing room—to New York," said the judge to the Pullman conductor.

"All right—Car B, right here."

The whistle sounded; the train began to move.

"Dorothy——?" said the judge. He didn't even look at Bill.

"I like that!" she said. "It's all his fault!"

"Mr. Hathaway's? By the way, that really is his name?"

"Oh, yes!" she said, too quickly, and bit her lip as she saw Bill looking at her.

"I am entirely indifferent as to which of you offers an explanation—but I am waiting for it," said the judge.

"Well—you see—my getting off the train and leaving my money in my other clothes complicated things. It really is a bit confused, sir. I supposed it all began when I met Miss Dorothy——"

"You didn't meet me," she said. "You never have met me."

"Well — when I thought I knew you, and spoke to you, that time, at——"

"You didn't think you knew me. You'd seen me several times, and you knew perfectly well you didn't know me. Your behavior was un-un-consciable——"

"I have asked you repeatedly not to use words you don't know how to pronounce!" said the judge.

"How did you know I'd seen you several times?" asked Bill.

"I decline to be cross examined!" she said. "I——"

The judge looked at Bill with eyes that were, oddly, not wholly unsympathetic.

"She sees everything and she hears everything," he said. "Especially when she shouldn't."

"And then, this morning——" said Bill. It seemed to him that it was time to be getting on with this explanation.

"Yes—this morning?" said the judge.

"Well, I'd just finished breakfast—on the train, you know—and as I was going back I saw her—Dor—Miss Dorothy again, on the platform. And I wanted to—well, to explain, you know, and apologize, and all that——"

"Liar!" she said. "You didn't, at all."

"And then—the train went—and I found out about my money—and you turned up—and you were going off—and I knew how unreliable that car of yours was, and I thought I'd better be around in case you broke down, and——"

"I see," said the judge. "The situation is, as you say, a little complicated. Offhand it is difficult to see how you are to keep out of prison. The gentleman who owned the car did not strike me as being of a forgiving disposition. Still, I'm not without influence. And——"

He turned upon his daughter a look under which she wilted. Bill stared. It was a curious look. Amusement was in it, and some malice, and a profound understanding.

"Dad!" she said. "Don't you——"

"—and as," the judge went on, unmoved. "you are, in all probability, going to be my son-in-law——"

"You brute!" cried Dorothy. "He's not—ever——"

"I don't care to have you convicted of a felony," the judge ended.

For, perhaps, the first time in his life, Bill was speechless. The judge surveyed him benevolently. He took a cigar from his pocket, and his knife. Standing by the door, he turned to look at them; at Bill, turned scarlet; at Dorothy, trying to look tall.

"I am going to smoke this cigar and to compose a telegram to the governor of the sovereign state whose laws you have been outraging, young man," he said. "The sentence of this court is that you be confined within the limits of this drawing room, in the company of my daughter, until I return. And may God have mercy on your soul!"

"THE PRISONER OF THE REEF"

Here's a South Sea tale — gorgeous in setting, enthralling in story, thrilling in its smashing finish. There's mother love and young ones' love in it; youth and maid who find each other as though heaven planned it all; swift retribution to the evil-doer; desperation that strikes and wins. Read it in our next issue. It's by

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

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Clearer skin · Easier digestion · Regular elimination
Better Health

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

"AT the age of forty, when I had most at stake, I found myself slipping in health. I was troubled with indigestion, constipation and nervous debility. I had read about people taking Fleischmann's Yeast, and ordered some.

"A while later, in answer to a friend's inquiry, I was surprised to hear myself reply, 'I feel like a prize-fighter' and realized then that I had not felt any sign of indigestion for some time, and was putting in ten to twelve hours' hard brain work daily. I knew I was back again."

(A letter from Mr. W. L. King of Washington, D. C.)

"WHEN all the other girls were wearing their first low-necked dresses, I was staying at home—all on account of a breaking-out on my back that I simply couldn't get rid of. Dad is a druggist so I tried all the medicated soaps and creams that he had in stock, but finally gave up. It was awful. One day my chum told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and urged me to take it. I took half a cake dissolved in water before every meal—it is not only easy to take but delightful—and in two weeks every trace of the eruption had disappeared. It worked like magic, really, and made me feel like a different person."

(A letter from Miss Esther Shaw of Sanford, Calif.)

"WHEN I commenced to eat yeast about two years ago, I was the grouchiest grouch that ever nursed a grouch. My complexion looked the color of bread dough and I realized that my Nemesis was that curse of mankind—constipation. About every cathartic on the market went through my system. My grocer suggested that I give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. Since I began eating it my bowels function perfectly night and morning—the proverbial kitten has nothing on me for sound slumber. I do not claim Yeast to be a universal 'cure-all'—but it certainly gave me an excellent start on the road to health."

(A letter from Mr. Cyril A. Gendermann of 1022 Tenth Avenue, Brooklyn)

"CAME a period of real worry; of haphazard living; of irregular sleep and diet. The result . . . a distressing case of nerves . . . misery from my digestive system, a rough and unclear skin. When someone suggested yeast I laughed. . . . . Secretly I tried it, and now, knowing how simple the remedy, I laugh at nerves, scorn a skin that is not smooth and clear, and find my digestive system a thing to be ignored."

(Mrs. Betty Knight of Los Angeles, Calif.)

"THIS is what the doctor told me, 'Your husband is run down; . . . he has overworked and eaten so irregularly, and taken so little notice of his physical condition that now he is a very sick man.' . . . At the end of the second week's yeast treatment digestion was improved, and constipation relieved. For six months he ate three cakes each day, and no doubt he owes his complete recovery to the fact that he was so steadfast in following this treatment."

(Mrs. St. Chrisman of Richmond, Indiana)

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! A few days' supply will keep as well in *your* ice box as in the grocer's. Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. G-4, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

The Five Crises of a Woman's Life

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Decoration by F. Vaux Wilson

MR. KUMMER, novelist and playwright, is one of the few men able to see the woman's side of the great things in her life. In this series, beginning with The Proposal, he analyzes the love story of every woman, and frankly, clearly, and authoritatively offers for her benefit the deduction he has made.

I. THE PROPOSAL.

FROM cave dweller to cake eater, from Jezebel to jazz, a girl's first proposal, whether delivered from a five pound stone battle ax or a five carat stone engagement ring, has always been one of the really important crises in her life.

Eve found it so. She and Adam were turned out of Paradise for not taking matters more seriously.

If she had only said, "This is so sudden, Adam, dear—I'll think it over—marriage is not a thing to be gone into lightly"—we might all of us be living in the Garden of Eden yet. At least *they* might. There probably wouldn't have been any "we."

Proposals nowadays are apt to be somewhat casual. Often there is no formal proposal at all, in the accepted sense of the word. The "I love-you—will-you-be-my-wife" method of procedure has gone out of fashion. Men and women usually know how they feel toward each other long before they find it necessary to put their feelings into words.

And yet, no matter what may have been thought, hinted at, beforehand, there will always come a time when it is necessary to know definitely, beyond all question, whether marriage is or is not to prove the outcome of any particular romance.

That time, that moment of decision, constitutes, technically at least, the proposal.

Back in the courtly days of the Georges, when ruffled shirts and smallclothes were in fashion and minuets and powdered wigs the vogue, the impassioned lover was supposed to throw himself abjectly on his knees before his adored one (having first, no doubt, carefully dusted off the floor with a lace handkerchief in order to save his satin breeches), and in this attitude of humble devotion to pour forth a string of flowery promises and endearments that would have made old Ananias himself turn green with envy.

"The fairest flower beneath the canopy of Heaven," whose "matchless beauty" consumed him with "unquenchable fires," whose lips were "rubies" and whose teeth were "pearls," and whose "lightest wish" was henceforth to be his "sole command," no doubt took all this with the usual grain of salt, regarding it as mere conversational lacework, or, as her modern sister would probably put it, plain ordinary "bunk."

And yet there is no reason to suppose that this romantic extravagance detracted in any way from the seriousness of the moment. The heart of the Georgian maid beneath her dainty whalebone stomacher was doing the usual pit-a-pat.

And if the 1924 lover declares his intentions in a manner somewhat less flowery, the emotions inspired in the female breast are still very much the same.

It would be idle to mention that the girl is surprised, even though the rules of the game may call for a certain amount of pretense to that effect. After a few weeks or months of modern social life, with its frankness, its intimacies, she would be a dull woman indeed who failed to recognize those unmistakable symptoms by which the ardent male indicates his desire to pay a girl's board and dressmaking bills for the rest of her life.

Exciting, bewildering moment, so soon past!

She knows pretty well what is coming. And he knows that she knows. After a certain point it lies in her power to bring him to his knees, figuratively speaking, whenever she pleases.

AND yet a girl's first proposal, like a boy's first long trousers, marks a tremendous moment. The element of surprise may be lacking, but the uncertainty is nevertheless there. What is her answer going to be?

The man does not know. And, in many cases, neither does she. She may have discussed his good and bad points with her mother, her sisters, her friends until she has driven them well nigh distracted. She may have debated whether his closeness in money matters indicated a commendable habit of economy, or his freedom in spending a lack of it; have wondered whether he was too short or too tall, too young or too old, too fat or too lean; have even formed opinions, flattering or otherwise, concerning his friends, his family, his social position, her future mother-in-law.

But in spite of all these considerations, when the crucial moment arrives—when a girl realizes that with a single word she can make or mar her entire future, and his—small wonder that her heart

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

I Tell You
This Free Book Will Show You The Way to Amazing Salary Increases

I only ask that you risk two cents on the strength of my word that the contents of this amazing book will show you the way to a prosperity that you never dreamed possible, in a fascinating field that you never thought of entering. This book is now free. Read my offer.

By J. E. GREENSLADE

FIRST let me ask you two questions. One: Do you consider that you are as intelligent as the average mail clerk, farmhand, office clerk, mechanic, or bookkeeper? I ask you this because most of the men whose salaries have jumped are just ordinary, every-day sort of men.

Second: If you suddenly found yourself with all the money you needed to spend, wearing the best clothes, living in the finest neighborhood, driving a good car and belonging to the best clubs—but having to make good in a job that paid $10,000 a year, would it scare you? There are men to whom $10,000 a year is so much that the idea of earning it themselves never occurs to them. They will always be in routine jobs at low pay. Their dreams will never come true. But yours will if you will absorb what I am going to tell you. For my work in life is to take ordinary men from blindalley jobs and show them how they can quickly make more money than they ever dreamed possible. And if you will give me a chance I'm going to show you how it's done!

Now, in one quick step you can enter the field where opportunities in your favor are ten to one—the Selling field. You know that Salesmen top the list of money-makers—that the salesman is his own boss—that his work is fascinating, interesting and highly profitable? But the thing you doubt is your own ability. All right, but you can become a first-class money-making salesman in an amazingly easy way.

Proof That Salesmen Are Made —Not "Born"

You might laugh if I told you that in a few weeks or months you could be making good in a big way in the Selling field. Thousands before you have laughed—perhaps bitterly—at the idea, but many of these thousands are now making big money as salesmen.

The story of six men who once thought salesmen were "born," who did not believe they were "cut out for selling," is on this page.

Thousands of men like these six—men who formerly thought salesmen were "born," are now enjoying magnificent earnings in the selling field. They were bookkeepers, mechanics, farmers, clerks—even doctors, lawyers and ministers—but in a few months after writing to the National Salesmen's Training Association they were out in the field selling—and making more money than they had ever hoped to make in their former vocations.

Sounds remarkable, doesn't it? Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There is a certain way of saying and doing things, a certain way of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudice, overcome competition and make the prospect act.

Just as you learned the alphabet, so you can learn salesmanship. And through the NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training—you gain actual experience while studying.

The NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD gives you experience and knowledge that enable you to overcome sales obstacles of all descriptions easily. It is one of the many reasons why N. S. T. A. members make good as salesmen right from the start.

A Lifetime of Selling Experience in a Few Weeks—Then Success

No matter what you are doing now, I can prove to you that you can gain years of selling experience in a few weeks—that you can go out and successfully sell goods—that you can make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable you to quickly step into the ranks of successful salesmen—will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable you to jump from small pay to a real man's income.

Remarkable Book, "Modern Salesmanship," Sent FREE

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship."

It will show you how you can easily become a master Salesman—a big money-maker—how the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship training will give you years of selling experience in a few weeks; how our FREE Employment Service will help select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon today. It may be the turning point in your life.

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"When I first saw your inspiring message I was a civil service employee. Now I have better than a $9000 position with lots of room to grow."—Ellis Sumner Cook, Chicago, Ill.

$1000 in 30 Days

"After ten years in the railway mail service I decided to make a change. My earnings during the past thirty days were more than $1000."—W. Hartle, Chicago, Ill.

$523 in Two Weeks

"I had never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306 and this week $218."—Geo. W. Kearns, Oklahoma City.

$554.37 in One Week

"Last week my earnings amounted to $554.37; this week will go over $400."—F. Wynn, Portland, Ore.

$10,000 a Year

O. H. Malfroot, of Boston, Mass., stepped into a $10,000 position as a SALES MANAGER—so thorough is this training.

First Month $1000

"The very first month I earned $1,000. I was formerly a farmhand."—Charles Berry, Winterset, Iowa.

EMPLOYERS

are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. We can put you in touch with just the men you need. No charge for this service to you or our members.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]
should indulge in a few nose dives, her brain turn itself for the moment into an animated pinwheel.

There are many things to think about during that fluttering moment. If we could only peer into the future, see what is in store for us, life's problems would be simple. But, reason things out as we will, Fate has an unpleasant way of upsetting all our calculations like a row of blocks, and proving to us in spite of our logic that one and one does not always make two, but sometimes three, or even four.

Where marriage is concerned, all signs fail. The results are on the knees of the gods. Within a few years the man with the rosiest prospects may become a bankrupt, while the clever chap with none at all may astonish the wiseacres by ending up a millionaire. The genial soul who is always the life of the party may turn out a hopeless ne'er do well; the handsome fellow whom all the girls are crazy about a gay philanderer; the homely plodder an ideal mate.

The thing is a tremendous lottery, with only a few moments in which to choose a winning number. A girl must keep her brain clear, her emotions under control.

It is not always easy. The stage is usually set in a way to intrigue her. There may be a moon. Or the nerve stirring beat of primitive music, with all its appeal to the senses. She must reckon, too, with the physical nearness of one to whom she is certainly not indifferent.

Steady herself as she will, her brain insists upon doing the most amazing flipflops. And so, if she but knew it, does his.

"Betty," he may say, with exaggerated carelessness, "we seem to hit it off pretty well. What do you say if we make it a twosome?"

To which, after a moment of hesitation, she may reply:

"All right, Jim, old egg. Suppose we do."

Not much confusion there—on the surface at least. But it's different underneath. Anglo-Saxons have a horror of heroics. They consider it better form to disguise their emotions. The man may appear to be as calm as an April shower, and still be shaking in his boots. Talk about your zero hour—about going over the top! They were calm, then, too—unnaturally so, although their throats seemed made of dried leather and their hearts were pounding like rapid firers.

AND after all, there are very good reasons why a man should experience a few spinal tremors on such an occasion as a proposal. Is he not proposing to give up the most priceless of all his possessions—his liberty?

The woman is ready to relinquish hers—often glad to; the man, as a rule, is not. Even as he speaks the fatal words there drifts through his mind a reluctant picture of the cozy club, the bachelor apartment, the carefree nights, the unattenuated bank account.

He has been present many times when the married friend has withdrawn unwillingly from the budding "party," or spouted glib lies over the telephone concerning the sick friend, the late work at the office, the client from out of town. Oh, yes—beneath all that affected calm you may be sure he is not taking the matter lightly. He knows what he is in for.

And she, meanwhile—what is she thinking as the seconds tick by? Has he noticed the sudden paling of her cheeks, the telltale quiver of her lips? Is it best to say "yes," even when she has made up her mind in advance to say "no," because some queer, subconscious impulse keeps urging it?

One cannot afford to take chances in marriage as one might on a horse race. Divorces are easy to get, it is true, but—to gamble with one's life happiness! A serious matter, that!

The careful business man does not usually enter into a contract—a partnership—because of the ease with which he can get out of it. At least he *believes* that the deal is going to turn out a success. He chooses honestly.

Perhaps it is just because people gamble with marriage that the divorce rate is so high. But—to accept! To end everything now! There will be other proposals later on, no doubt.

THE WHITE PLAGUE

Thousands of people throughout the world are its victims. Some of them are fighting it with the courage born of desperation; some, hopeless, are ready to give up the battle, praying only for reprieve that those they love may be spared, a little longer, the pain of parting. To those who struggle on, to those who have found the odds too great, we carry in next week's issue a message that should hearten all and should show to many the road to recovery. It is the story of a gallant, uphill, and *victorious* battle, waged by baseball's idol. Read it—"*My Fight Back to Health*"—As told to Hugh Fullerton

By CHRISTY MATHEWSON

But will there? Aunt Myra, she remembers, who refused her first offer because the man hadn't a cent, lived out a loveless existence without ever getting another.

Still, that argument works both ways. Kitty Lawson took the first man who asked her, only to find herself, five years later, hopelessly in love with another whom she could never marry. If she had only waited until she knew her own mind!

Yes—a great many things to think about—a great many problems that have only been nibbled at, up to now, calling for instant solution. A profound moment, in spite of all surface calm.

The crisis may have been long deferred, but now it must be faced, with all its responsibilities.

In that brief space between his carelessly drawled question and her matter of fact reply she has lived through a never to be forgotten experience. If pride has made her calm, her emotions have been none the less real beneath it. The fluttering sign, the heaving breast, the "Oh, George, this is so sudden" belong to the era of mid-Victorian fiction.

The girl of today is trying too hard to be frank, honest, direct to have much use for theatricalism, for silly affectation. But that is a far cry from saying that she lacks feeling, even though she prefers not to show it.

AND although it may seem old fashioned, she still believes in love. In spite of all Continental arguments to the contrary, she still thinks it should be the surest guide, the deciding factor—that marriage on what may be called the American plan offers the greatest chance for happiness. She knows that it is not always easy to distinguish love from its half brother, passion, especially since the former, to a certain extent, must always include the latter, but she tries very hard to be sure. And it is to instinct, rather than logic, that she must look for her guide.

Love is to marriage what faith is to religion—an intangible something under the influence of which mountains may be moved and all sorts of miracles become possible. Being intangible, a thing of the spirit, it is very difficult to define in material terms. There are some so lacking in spiritual refinement as even to doubt its existence.

And yet, when all material arguments have been exhausted—when logic has done its best—or its worst—there still remains that imponderable factor which, without rhyme or reason, so often steps in and settles the whole question in a twinkling, in what is usually the wisest and very best way.

A girl, in her final analysis of a man as a possible husband, can scarcely go wrong if she abandons logic and gives her deepest instincts—her love—free play.

She is weighing, judging the man, not as a worker, a money maker, a provider—he may fulfill all these requirements and still make her utterly miserable—but as a human being with whom she is proposing to spend the rest of her days in the most intimate of all life's relationships. What love should detect, respond to, is *character*, most priceless of all possessions, more to be desired than rubies.

Love is not concerned with material things. Shrewdness, money making ability, all such qualities of the mind, estimable as they may be, leave it cold. It is searching deeper, for the things of the soul, and when it finds them, when it brings about between two people a mutual response to beauty and charm of character, the man and woman between whom such a bond exists can face the world with the sure knowledge that whatever else they may or may not have, they *will* have happiness.

The greatest teacher of all times founded a religion on love, and even those who fail to follow it are forced to admit its grandeur, its truth. To Him honesty, loyalty, innate goodness, consideration for one's neighbor—the other fellow—all attributes of character—were the important qualities in life, and upon them all His teachings are based. For purely material things He held a supreme contempt.

Love, in a woman's heart and in a man's, should be the touchstone of character, telling us what is gold and what is only brass. When that divine spark once comes into being neither time nor adversity can ever quite destroy it, because it contains something of the Godlike. Even those who pretend to jeer at it never really do so in their inmost hearts. They, too, have their memories.

But we must be sure it *is* love before we trust it. Like some splendid plant, its roots of passion lie deep in the soil of Mother Earth, but its stalk of service rises heavenward, braving the storms of daily life, while its fruit of little children lifts it in spirit to the footstool of God. Trust it, in that moment of decision!

EXCITING, bewildering moment, so soon past! How many women look back to it with regret! John has been *such* a disappointment! There was Tom—or Dick—or even Harry, any one of whom might have—ah, yes!—they might have.

And then, again, they might not. Perhaps the fault has been yours, after all.

Take your first proposal seriously, girls. It may be the most important moment of your whole life. Other offers may come later. You may even arrive at a point when you can regard them quite indifferently, as matters of course. But never the first one. That stands out—will always stand out—as the first really great crisis in a woman's life.

"After the Honeymoon"—the second "crisis" in Mr. Kummer's series—will appear in an early issue.

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"Beautifies as it Protects"

MARY PICKFORD'S NEW RELEASE

Star Delightful as "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"; Alan Forrest Makes Pleasing Lover.

"DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL"

Produced by United Artists. Directed by Marshall Neilan.

THE CAST:

Dorothy Vernon.....*Mary Pickford*
Sir John Manners.....*Alan Forrest*
Sir George Vernon.....*Anders Randolph*
Sir Malcolm Vernon.....*Marc MacDermott*
Queen Elizabeth.....*Clare Eames*
Queen Mary.....*Estelle Taylor*
The Maid and Confidant of Dorothy Vernon.....*Lottie Pickford*
Earl of Leicester.....*Courtney Foote*

By Mae Tinee

HELLO, there!

"It's my baby!"

She wasn't bending over a bassinet when she said it — the many hundred times she said it! No, Mary Pickford was working like all possessed on "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." A stranger, however, on the lot while the picture was being made, hearing her voice the above remark, might have peered curiously about for the cheeild in the case.

All her friends have known for a long, long time that "America's Sweetheart" would never be satisfied until she had appeared on the screen in the rôle of Dorothy Vernon, for the story book romance of that spirited young woman has always been one of Miss Pickford's pet tales.

For years she has kept the book at hand resorting to it when days were dull or things went wrong, for solace and amusement. (Myself — I read "Little Women"), but it has always been "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" for Mary Pickford since the first time the book was put into her childish hands.

"Each man" may "kill the thing he loves." Not so with a woman. Mary Pickford tenderly dolled up her pet and now presents "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" proudly to the world via cinema.

Dorothy Vernon, you'll remember, was the daughter of one Sir George Vernon of England, owner of Haddon Hall and various other neighboring estates. In her childhood she had betrothed to the small son of a neighbor. At that time it had seemed to both the noble parents that the marriage of these two young things when they became of age would be of vast advantage. Mercenary creatures, the fond papas! Each with a covetous eye on the other's houses, lots, cows, pigs, etc.

Friction arising between the two in later years, Sir George refuses to consider the marriage. His neighbor is determined upon holding him to the letter of their contract. Sir George, however, is adamant and publicly announces that his daughter will marry her cousin, Sir Malcolm Vernon. He will, for his daughter, have none of Sir John Manners, who has been absent for a long time and is the reputed lover of Mary, Queen of Scots.

As is the manner of parents, however, the two of them failed to reckon with the temperament and inclinations of the children of their respective bosoms. By accident Miss Dorothy and Sir John meet for the first time since their childhood. To Sir John life suddenly means nothing but fair curls and blue eyes. And the lady's cousin becomes as a dry book one has heard about but wouldn't read on a bet. THEN things start to happen!

They happen with a vengeance! Where "roads" were "mud" they are "paved with corpses"; a "country sterile" is "fertilized with blood." Queen Elizabeth of England and the fleeing Mary, Queen of Scots, are only two who are whirled into the romantic drama concerning Dorothy Vernon and Sir John Manners. Miss Pickford in her peppy portrayal of the rôle may be said to out-Doug "Doug"! She keeps things humming and, of course, wins her way in the end.

This picture is splendidly acted, set, and staged throughout. It's ten reels long, but holds your interest every minute.

Mary Pickford is adorable as the heroine, and she has a romantic and pleasing lover in Alan Forrest.

BUT, said what's writing, I feel it my duty to let you in on the know:

The husky back you see being washed in one of the scenes is NOT that of Alan Forrest. His wasn't considered muscular enough, so Douglas Fairbanks, like a good husband, lent this part of his anatomy to his wife's picture.

See you next week!

MARY PICKFORD is just crazy about her "baby." ("Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.") Here she is shown as the winsome, wily, utterly determined and utterly irresistible Miss Dorothy. One can almost see her preening and hear her asking, in dulcet tones:
"Aren't I grand?"

MARY PICKFORD

NEXT WEEK — Behold! We'll show you Norma Talmadge as she appears in "Secrets," and in the column to your left tell you all about the photoplay. How's that?

ASK ME! ASK ME!

This is OUR page! Yours and mine!

Some people aren't movie fans — but most folks take an active interest in photoplays. The little idea that the only people who have any license to talk about them in print is a reviewer is all wrong. One person thinks one way, while the thoroughly intelligent human reviewing a film in the next seat may look at it through rose-colored spectacles and think it's a WOW!

Every week we'll print a review on this page. The object will be to select pictures folks should see. (That is, films the reviewer thinks are worth while.) You, of course, viewing the film may turn up your nose and consider it a piece of cheese. That's your privilege. You MIGHT be right.

ANYHOW I'll give you the honest low down as I see it.

Glancing over the page you'll notice this corner is devoted to space for all sorts of things. If you want to kick — KICK. The gnawing discontent you will thus get out of your system may be of benefit to the motion picture industry. (AND the reviewer.)

This is where your questions will be answered. If the lady chances to be dumb on the same subject that you are, be assured she will take no rest until she has run your answer to the ground and delivered it to you. Come across with suggestions!

If your family won't listen to you, WE will. Here's hoping you will like OUR page!

J. E. R.: They tell me that three of our best known actresses recently fell over a cliff but were uninjured. Who were they?

Ans.: What was the name of the cliff — and I'll look them up.

DALMATION (COACH DOG) | PEKINESE | AIREDALE | BULL DOG | FOX TERRIER

The Publishers of This Weekly Will Give Away

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs *FREE!*

Solve the Puzzle Pictures of Dogs and Win a Real Thoroughbred Dog *Free!* Your Choice of Any Breed—Male or Female—Full-Grown or Puppy

DO you want a Dog—a friend—a companion—a smart, genuine *Thoroughbred* Dog—absolutely FREE?

One of the most novel contests ever conducted starts in this issue. Every week, for 10 weeks, this Weekly will contain a set of three Puzzle Pictures of Dogs. These pictures will be composites. All you have to do is cut apart the pictures, put them together properly, and name the breed of Dog the picture shows.

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs—*worth at least $25,000.00*—will be given FREE to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures. Your choice of any kind of dog.

No Work to Do—*Just Amuse Yourself!*

It's easy. No work to do. Just prove your skill. Fun for everybody!

Set No. 1 of Puzzle Pictures is printed on the opposite page. Can you cut them out, put them together and name the breeds of dogs?

Remember, 500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs—worth at least $25,000.00—are offered as prizes. Your choice of any dog you want—a Fox Terrier, Boston Bull, Airedale, Spitz, Newfoundland, Police Dog, Pomeranian, Pekinese, Collie, Spaniel, Beagle Hound, Chow, Russian Wolfhound, *or any other kind.* Your choice of male or female—full-grown or puppy.

All dogs will be *Young, Pure-Bred, PEDIGREED DOGS* worth a great deal of money. A pedigree will be furnished with each dog.

It Costs Nothing!

Open to Everyone Except Professionals

This offer is open to every man, woman, boy and girl *ANYWHERE except professional dog breeders and merchants and their families.* Employes of this Weekly and their families also are barred. Consequently, everyone has an equal chance.

You pay nothing. You do no work.

A little skill cutting out the Puzzle Pictures and naming the Dogs may win you one of the 500 Pedigreed Beauties.

Remember, 500 Thoroughbred Dogs *MUST BE WON!*

Read the rules on the opposite page and begin at once!

Start With Set No. 1 on Opposite Page!

Another Set of Puzzle Pictures In Next Week's Issue!

On Sale at Newsstands Everywhere NEXT WEDNESDAY—5c

Ask for "The $25,000 Prize Name Weekly"

Copyright, 1925: By The Coloroto Corporation.

GREYHOUND | BOSTON TERRIER | BOSTON TERRIER PUPPIES | COLLIE | POLICE DOG

Can You Name The Breeds Of These Dogs?

Cut Them Out, Put Them Together and Name The Breeds
500 Live Pedigreed Dogs Will Be Given as Prizes

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite dog are those of one noted for fleetness. The mid-section is of a dog the first word of whose common name is also that of a vehicle replaced by the railroad car and automobile. The hind legs are of one whose namesake furnishes the national sport of Spain.

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite stand for courage. The mid-section is of a dog whose name is applied to speedy ocean liners. The hind legs are of one who resembles a small Great Dane.

THE HEAD and forelegs of this composite are of a dog whose vision while outdoors was confined largely to wheels and hoofs. The mid-section is of one whose snout is short and whose jaw is aggressive. The hind legs are of a dog the first syllable of whose name is a tint midway between black and white.

The Publishers of this Weekly Will Give Away

500 Live, Pedigreed Dogs FREE!

[RULES]

1. Every week, for 10 weeks, this Weekly will print three Composite Puzzle Pictures of Dogs. Each Composite will be composed of three parts of different dogs. The three Composites printed each week will, when cut apart and put together properly, make three complete pictures.

   The public is invited to cut out the pictures, assemble them and name the breeds of the dogs. 500 LIVE, PEDIGREED DOGS will be given to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest sets of the 30 pictures.

2. This contest is open to everybody ANYWHERE—men, women, boys and girls—*except professional dog breeders or merchants and their families.* Employes of this Weekly and their families also are barred.

3. You pay nothing. You do no work. Just amuse yourself by proving your skill.

4. The Puzzle Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the breed or kind of dog.

5. In all, 30 Puzzle Pictures will be printed 3 each week for 10 weeks. Pictures are to be submitted in sets of 30 only. Hold all pictures until you have the complete set of 30. Then send them to "Puzzle Pictures," Post Office Box 1539, Chicago, Ill.

   In sending pictures be sure to attach your name and address. *Also state what breed of Dog you want and whether male or female, full-grown or puppy.*

   All pictures must be in by midnight 21 days after Set No. 10 is published.

6. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count.

7. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase this Weekly to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. This Weekly may be examined at the office of publication or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the Publishers. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given to each tying contestant.

Three More Puzzle Pictures Next Week.

Ask for "The $25,000.00 Prize Name Weekly."

Out Next Wednesday
At All Newsstands—5c

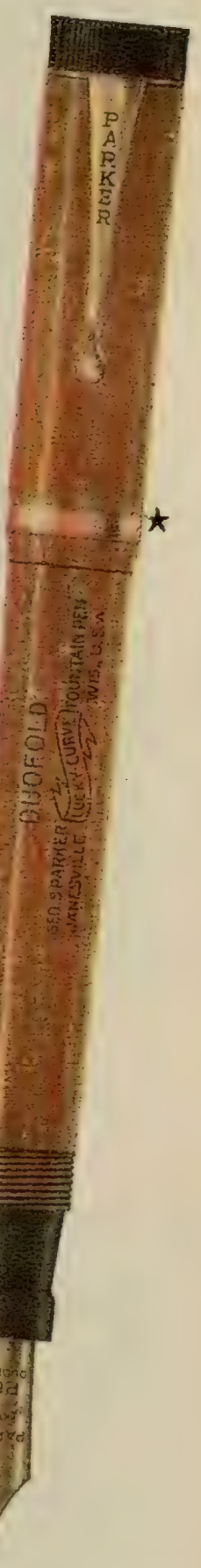
Copyright, 1924: By The Colorato Corporation

34 Newspapers asked 2024 People —

"What pen will you buy next?"
And more answered "Parker" than any other make

New National Sentiment (disclosed by Nation-wide interviews) due to Parker improvements that abolish pen faults and inspire writing

[Results audited by Ernst & Ernst, Certified Public Accountants]



Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

NOW—*the Duofold Pencil to match the Duofold Pen* $3.50

IN 34 cities, "Inquiring Reporters" were sent out by 34 newspapers near the close of 1923 to interview pen owners at random. These investigators did not know why. They knew nothing which would prejudice their reports. They only knew that their newspapers wanted the facts.

They stopped people on the streets; they canvassed offices, factories, stores and homes. And everywhere they asked 3 questions:

"What pen do you now own?"
"When was it bought?"
"What pen will you buy next?"

Then the newspapers certified the returns. And Ernst & Ernst, the Certified Public Accountants, audited them. The results show:

In all, 2024 people specified the make of pen that they would buy next. More named the Parker than any other pen. Yet more already had other pens—bought before Geo. S. Parker created the classic Duofold.

1106 people interviewed had bought in the past two years. [This is about the time Parker Duofold has been on the market.] Of this group, more had bought the Parker than any other pen. And on the question, "What pen will you buy next?" 66% *more named the Parker than any other single make* —about 5 to 3!

Not snap judgment this—but people's readiness to pay their money for the new-day Parker, *most of them having tried other pens first!*

Nor is this merely a local condition; it's a wide cross-section of the *national* pen preference. Twenty hundred interviews from New York to San Francisco! And in addition, reports from hundreds of pen dealers, a majority of whom named Parker the best selling pen.

The reason America has turned so sweepingly to Parker Pens is because they introduce creations that brush away long-standing pen faults. Look at these improvements printed at the right. See the $10 value that Parker gives in the Over-size Duofold at $7; and the $7 value in the Duofold Jr., and Lady Duofold at $5.

All good pen counters sell Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval, although inferior makes offer them larger profits per pen. The retailer—like us—prefers large volume and many grateful customers. Over 100,000 Parkers a month were sold last year alone.

How Parker Creations Have Abolished Pen Faults

First was created Parker's "Lucky Curve" Feed, which uses capillary attraction to produce a steady flow of ink.

Next, the simple Press-Button Filler—concealed *inside* the barrel, out of harm's way.

Then the Duo-Sleeve Cap, whose Inner sleeve forms an Ink-Tight Seal with the nozzle, so the pen can't leak.

Then the Duofold Point of extra thick Gold set with polished Iridium tip, guaranteed 25 years for mechanical perfection and wear.

Then the Over-size Ink capacity; and the big black-tipped, lacquer-red barrel that the hand can hold with fingers gently extended. Its size and balance end writer's cramp, and give your mind free rein. Its color makes it a hard pen to mislay.

As a last loving touch, we added a strong ★Gold Girdle to reinforce the Duofold cap. This was $1 extra—now free, due to large production. Neat Gold Pocket-Clip or Gold Ring-End for Ribbon also included.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO *Parker Duofold Pencils match the Duofold Pen, $3.50* SAN FRANCISCO SPOKANE
THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Parker Duofold

LUCKY CURVE

With The 25 Year Point

OVER-SIZE $7

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine

IF YOU MUST DRINK—READ THIS

HOW TO KEEP WELL

By Dr. W. A. Evans

Illustrated by CAREY ORR

NO people can step overnight from the unrestricted use of liquor to total abstinence. The journey from the beginning of this road to its end is a long one and passes through what might be termed stages of evolution. Likewise, the route traveled by the habitual drinkers, as a country passes from boundless liquor to total abstinence, has what might be termed stages of evolution.

Dr. F. J. Gerty of the Chicago Psychopathic Hospital tells us that we passed through the "not very particular" stage a few years ago. Close to that stage was what was called the "try it once" stage. In that stage, or in those stages, men drank patent medicines, cologne, essence of ginger, paint—anything that had a "kick" in it. The wood alcohol drinking stage came close to this period.

At the present time people do not knowingly drink any of these concoctions. It is true that after a man has taken enough liquor to unseat his judgment he will sometimes take wood alcohol or some other highly toxic intoxicant; but the question is, should we say that a man with judgment dethroned selects his drinks knowingly? The stage through which we are now passing is known as the "green liquor" stage.

The best study of green liquor that has ever been made is that of Doran and Beyer, read before the American Public Health Association a year ago, and which appeared in the Journal of that association in October, 1923. These men are connected with the United States Department of Internal Revenue, and they based their opinons on analyses of 75,000 specimens, mostly home brew beers, green wines, and raw liquor.

In the old days the brewers and distillers were very careful about their ferments. Some of them were expert bacteriologists. Some, while not bacteriologists, had well equipped laboratories in charge of good bacteriologists. Those who operated solely by rule of thumb were most careful, meticulous, and painstaking in the care of their ferments. Even the moonshiners guarded their starters and fermenters painstakingly.

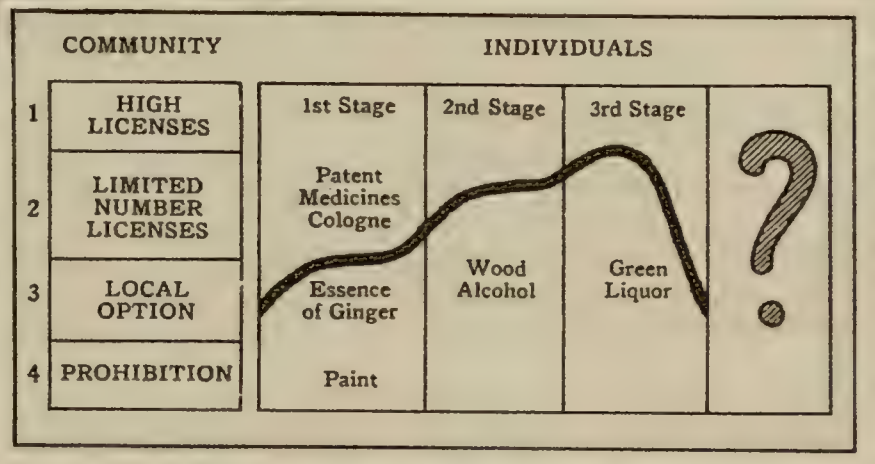
At the present time the microbes used for home brew are the catch as catch can variety. Some of them convert sugar into ethyl alcohol; some form aldehydes; some vinegar, while still others produce many sorts and kinds of chemical compound, some harmful, some harmless.

THE next source of danger in raw liquor comes from the method of distilling. The moonshiner who made good stuff in the old days knew that he had to throw away the first distillate which came over, called "the heads," and the last, called "the tails." Moreover, he knew that he could not make a good product unless, after throwing away the "heads" and "tails," he redistilled several times.

Analyses showed this old time moonshine to be reasonably good stuff. In fact, the claim made for aged whisky, that aging in wood caused the fusel oil of whisky to be oxidized into ethyl alcohol, has not been confirmed by the chemists. Whisky aged in wood actually contains a higher percentage of fusel oil than the same whisky did when it was young. This is because alcohol evaporates faster than fusel oil.

This statement should not be construed as meaning that aged whisky is not better flavored, better colored, and less harmful than it was when it was young. The fact is that fusel oil is not the most harmful ingredient in whisky.

But the present day "moonshiner" does not throw away the "heads" or the "tails" nor does he redistill his product. As the result of these 75,000 tests Doran and Beyer assert that the moonshine now being sold is composed of all the distillate, including the "heads" and "tails," and that it has not been redistilled. They base their opinion on the very large proportion of acetaldehyde which it contains. The amounts in the specimens examined ranged from 16 to 100, and averaged 30.36.



We are now going through the "green liquor" stage, says Dr. Evans. The above charts show the steps and stages of drinking by communities and individuals.

The aldehydes result from the action of microbes on starches and alcohol. They are akin to the alcohols, to acetic acid or vinegar, and to some of the essential oils. Perhaps the best known member of the group is formaldehyde, though people who are accustomed to taking drugs to make them sleep are acquainted with paraldehyde. The high proportion of acetaldehyde in moonshine distilled liquors is due, in part, to the use of mild, mixed, contaminated yeasts in the fermentation and, in part, to wrong methods of distilling.

ALL alcoholic beverages are drugs. In fact, the word "intoxication" is derived from "toxin," another name for poison. Of the various substances in alcoholic beverages, ethyl or grain alcohol, while it is a drug and unwholesome, is least poisonous and least unwholesome. The bouquets of wines and liquors, which give to them their peculiar flavors and odors, are essential oils which are more poisonous than the ethylalcohol. Of course, the essential oils which enter into colognes, essences, and extracts are still more poisonous. Methanol and other ingredients of wood alcohol are highly poisonous.

The safest alcoholic beverage of all, by far, is a mixture of pure grain alcohol and pure water. If a man wants to add a little essential oil to make his drink into a synthetic rye, or a synthetic Bourbon, or a synthetic gin, he probably will not use enough to make his dram extra poisonous, but he should understand that all flavoring oils are more poisonous than is a mixture of alcohol and water.

Acetaldehyde, the especially harmful ingredient found in such large proportions in the moonshine liquors, ranks as a poison far above ethyl or grain alcohol. It is probably less poisonous than the aromatics and oils found in essence of ginger and cologne. The books on drugs treat of the symptoms of acetaldehyde poisoning, and they are very much the same as those encountered by physicians who treat drunkenness due to moonshine liquor. The United States Dispensatory says of the effects of acetaldehyde:

"The intoxication produced by it is characterized by a very great loss of sensibility and by deleterious after effects."

One of the first to call attention to the dangers of acetaldehyde poisoning from drinking moonshine liquor was Dr. Gerty. In 1922 he wrote that though he had been treating alcoholics in large institutions for years, he was then seeing a type of alcoholism that was new to him. The cases were more serious and a larger proportion of them resulted in death. The higher nervous centers were rapidly poisoned and man quickly dropped into a beastly coma. Alcoholic insanities he encountered were not of the old type, but presented blurred pictures.

In commenting on the decrease of some of the organic lesions such as cirrhosis of the liver, which are due to chronic alcoholism, he said the present day beverages killed addicts before such lesions could develop.

Dr. Gerty finally realized that the intoxication he was seeing was not straight alcoholism but alcoholism plus aldehydism. What we are passing through is the acetaldehyde poisoning stage. What is to come next no one knows.

Acetaldehyde is less poisonous than wood alcohol. Therefore it is killing more people, just as acetaldehyde is so deadly that its devotees do not live long enough to develop cirrhosis.

About the year 1700 Henry Aldrich wrote:

"If on my theme, I rightly think
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine; a friend; because I am dry,
Or lest I should be by and by
Or any other reason why."

The first of these reasons has been removed. There is no good wine.

Drinking patent medicines, paint, cologne, and such is hazardous because of the essential oils and other drugs contained in them. Drinking denatured alcohol and wood alcohol is dangerous because of the methanol they contain.

Home brewed beer is dangerous because the ferment employed is a miscellaneous catch as catch can lot of micro-organisms. Bootleg distilled liquors are not safe because of the acetaldehyde they contain.

A Mask or an Accent?

Do you want your powder to be an obvious mask or a subtle accent that makes your skin more lovely, more expressive of you? Powders nowadays are exquisitely color-blended to suit each type of skin—exotic dead white pallor, rose-leaf prettiness or sun-kissed ruddy glow. And yet in the choice of powder many women fail just for want of a bit of dressing-table knowledge.

This knowledge is fully set forth in a new little boudoir book called *What Every Woman Does* NOT *Know*, written by one of America's sanest authorities on beauty. It is free to every purchaser of Bourjois MANON LESCAUT* Face Powder, and with MANON LESCAUT it provides the perfect introduction to the art of the powder puff.

Most druggists sell MANON LESCAUT. Those who do will offer *What Every Woman Does* NOT *Know* with the package you buy. If your druggist does not have MANON LESCAUT, show him this advertisement and suggest that he order from his jobber. If you are not within range of a dealer's services, simply mail the coupon below with $1.50. We will send you a full-size box of MANON LESCAUT and a free copy of *What Every Woman Does* NOT *Know* by return mail.

Bourjois
MANON LESCAUT
Face Powder

BOURJOIS ASHES OF ROSES*
ROUGE No. 83

A dark rouge, preferred by women of deep complexions and dark eyes.

75c

BOURJOIS
ROUGE MANDARINE*
No. 83

A light shade, to accentuate delicately a skin that is white and features that are fair.

75c

A. BOURJOIS & CO., Inc.
PARIS 43 West 34th Street NEW YORK

With this coupon is enclosed $1.50 in Money Order ☐ Stamps ☐ Check ☐ for which send me at once one full-size box of MANON LESCAUT White ☐ Naturelle ☐ Rose ☐ Rachel ☐ Peaches* ☐ Peaches-and-Cream* ☐ (*Check powder wanted*) and 1 free copy of *What Every Woman Does* NOT *Know*.

Name_____

Address_____ City_____

*Reg.U.S.Pat.Off.

Patricia's Patterns Reveal Trend of Summer Styles

PATTERNS of the newest designs are extremely simple to handle. Their simplicity will appeal to all, especially to the amateur sewing at home, who finds delight and economy, too, in making her own clothes — or at least some of them.

By choosing her materials wisely, and with the aid of these simply constructed patterns, the home dressmaker can feel assured that her frocks will be successful and up to date in every particular.

No. 2049 is beltless and straight of line as fashion bids. Dotted Swiss, novelty cotton, voile, or sports flannel might be used. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the medium size will require 3½ yards of 32 or 36 inch material with ⅞ yard 32 inch contrasting.

No. 1984 exploits the popular use of tiers and the vogue for lace. This frock might also be developed in a wash fabric or silk crepe. Sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36 inch allover lace and 1⅛ yards 30 inch lining.

No. 2043 is another version of the popular beltless mode and it also exploits the popular left side closing trimmed with a plaited frill. Silk or cotton crepe, linen, etc., are excellent materials from which to make your choice. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40 inch material with 1½ yards of frilling.

No. 2039 will be found particularly becoming to the older woman who needs long lines and softening touches on her clothes. This dress is made with a deep V-cut neckline and the sleeves, which are moderately flared to cover a broad hipline, may be short if she has a nicely rounded arm. The two bands that extend across the front of the skirt only is a new style feature. The pattern comes in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36 inch material with ⅞ yard 32 inch contrasting.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA, COLOROTO CORPORATION, TRIBUNE SQUARE, CHICAGO

Inclosed find $..... Please send me the Patricia patterns listed below:

Pattern number	Size	Price
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NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....
STATE.....

How to Order Patricia Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin [coin preferred; wrap it carefully] for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, Coloroto Corporation, Tribune Square, Chicago.

NOTE— Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Are you the lucky one in five?

Not if your gums bleed easily
Check Pyorrhea with Forhan's

Pyorrhea, destroyer of teeth and health, plays no favorites.

Dental records show that four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, too, are Pyorrhea's victims.

Heed Nature's warning — tender, bleeding gums—before it is too late.

Better still, stop Pyorrhea before it strikes by regular visits to your dentist and by brushing your teeth twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course; keep the gums firm, the teeth white, the mouth healthy.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea

STABILIZED INVESTMENTS

Assured Investment Protection

When an investor buys a Bond through us he knows that every dollar that has become due on First Mortgage Building Bonds sold by this company has been paid in full.

He has the additional confidence that he is investing his funds through an old and responsible house which has been in successful operation for nearly a quarter of a century.

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AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

PROTECTION

CONFESSIONS OF A CRAB

A Story About Himself

By Hugh Fullerton

Pictures by J. H. STRIEBEL

A WORLD of good would result if all the world's crabs were to read this confession of Mr. Fullerton's. There is no doubt that crabbing is ruinous to digestion, productive of low spirits, and certainly deadly to popularity. And in most cases it has no credit marks that come anywhere near balancing those big debit items. Next time you think you have occasion to crab, try Mr. Fullerton's recipe—and don't! See if a little of that "I'm happy" stuff isn't pretty efficacious after all.

"RHINELANDER 10775! Say, for the love of Mike! What's the matter? I've called that number four times! Can't you find any more busy signals to give me? Give me the inspector."

Trimble was raving over the telephone. Scoring the operator with sarcasm and vicious repartee. Scolding, almost cursing. Suddenly he checked himself, hung up the receiver, grinned sheepishly, and said:

"Now I'll start again, and start right."

He lifted the receiver and said pleasantly: "Rhinelander 10775, please."

Within a few seconds the connection was made, he concluded his talk, and hung up the phone.

"I'll never learn, I guess," he remarked, whimsically. "Thought I'd cured myself of being a grouch and wasting my time, but slip every once in a while. Wasted five minutes bawling out that girl when I could have saved the time by saving my own temper."

"It's this way," he added, thoughtfully. "I have discovered that *starting* right is everything. If I start a day wrong, it gets wronger all day unless I stop and start all over again. Being a grouch wastes time, and politeness really is the biggest time saver of a man's life."

I hadn't thought of it that way, and Trimble's theory interested me, because, while I hate to confess it, I was a crab for years, always kicking and usually working myself up to a pitch of sarcasm and cynicism that made me a nuisance to myself and to others. Trimble cured me, or, rather, he showed me the remedy and I cured myself.

When I first started work I was troubled with a sweet, trusting, and happy nature, enjoyed meeting people, and had immense faith in them. It required several years of trustfulness to cure me of that, and during that period I was imposed upon shamefully.

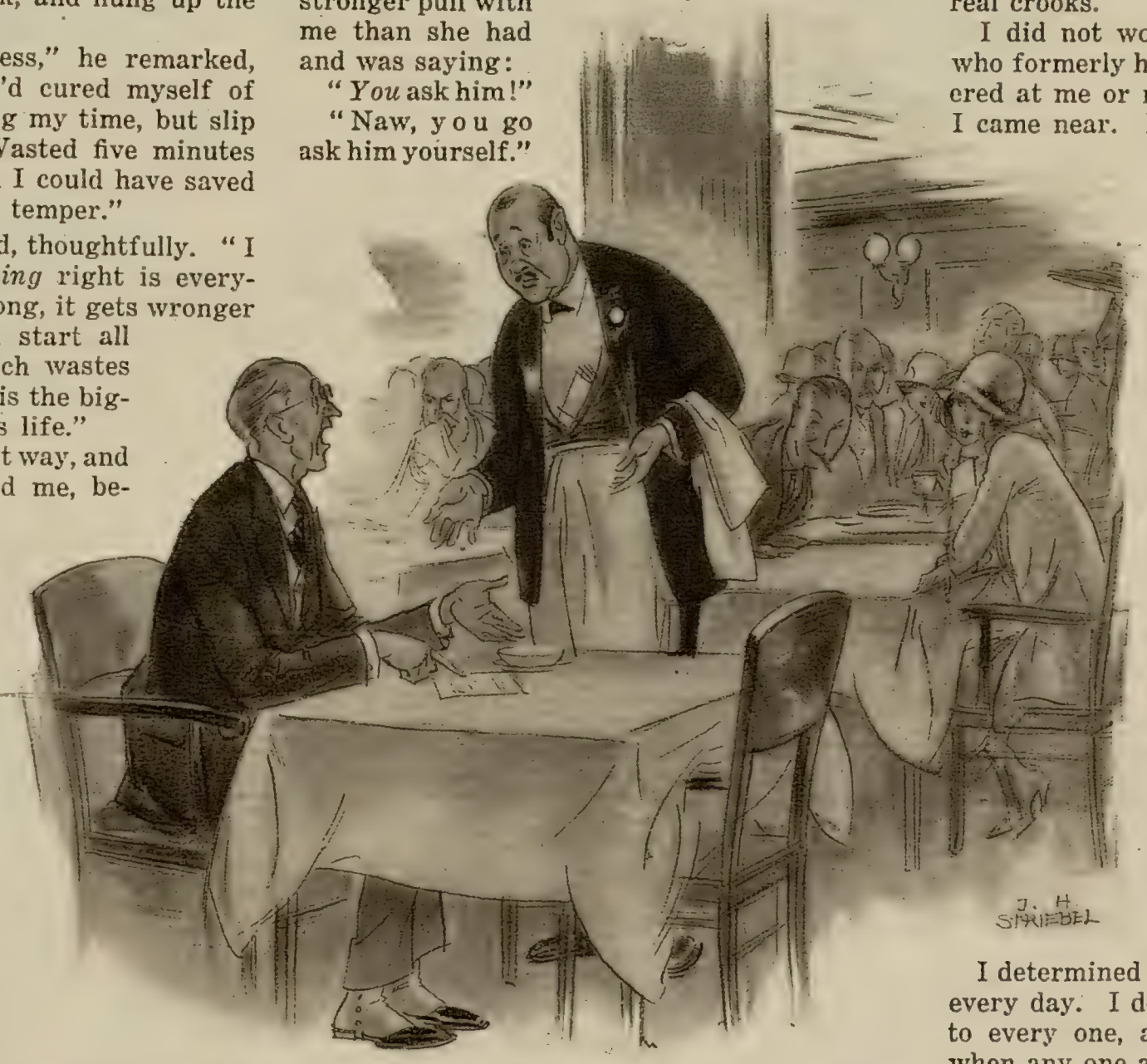
The change came after I had advanced a considerable sum of money to aid an old friend who was in difficulties. He welched, failed to repay, and I soured on the whole world for a time.

There isn't anything much easier than falling into the habit of crabbing and kicking. At that time I was forced to travel practically all the time, and inside of a few weeks after turning sour on the world I awoke every morning damning the public, semi-public, and quasi-public conveniences and conveyances of the country. I snarled at ticket agents, crabbed at hotel clerks, quarreled with waiters, and jarred with almost everyone.

The habit grew until I got so I could not drop it even at home, and the folks began to notice the curdling of my unusually sweet disposition. I remember one morning coming down late to breakfast, snarling because the fruit wasn't cold, kicking on the toast, and listening to the kids, who were in another room. Dot had an idea that Bud, at that time, had a stronger pull with me than she had and was saying:

"*You* ask him!"

"Naw, you go ask him yourself."



I snarled at ticket agents, crabbed at hotel clerks, quarreled with waiters, and jarred with almost everyone.

"No, you ask him. He'll let us if *you* ask!"

"All right," said Bud. "But wait till he drinks his coffee; he'll be in a better humor then."

It suddenly dawned upon my mind that if the youngsters noticed my crabbing it was time to slow up, at least at home.

But it is hard to carry on a campaign all day and change at night from the grouchy, criticizing fellow of downtown into a cheerful husband and father.

One day, riding from New York to Chicago, I encountered an old friend, a fellow who read everything I wrote and who had been loyal and true.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Getting sore on the world?"

Naturally I explained to him that the world was not a nice place and enumerated examples of un-nice things.

"Thought so," he said. "I've been reading your stuff. Always liked it, but in the last two or three years you've been changing. You're getting bad tempered and critical and losing your sympathy with the people you write about. You're positively vicious at times."

WHEN I got home I went to the files and started to scan back to see what I had written. After a couple of hours I knew my friend spoke the truth. I had been getting meaner and meaner, downright "ornery" at times, and lacking in consideration for others and their feelings. I had smashed away at trivial offenders almost as hard as at real crooks.

I did not wonder that some of the fellows who formerly had been jolly and friendly glowered at me or maintained chilly reserve when I came near. I had kept the old pan sizzling hot and was putting every one on it.

Even then there was not any idea of reform. The thing jolted me, and I found myself putting the brakes on. So strong had the habit become that it was necessary to read over everything that was written to see whether it was unfair or not. Lord knows I wanted to be fair, but the habit was so strong it was easier to say a sharp, hurtful thing than a kind one.

It was not until I heard the telephone conversation recorded at the start of this confession that the truth hit home with a jolt. I knew the man well—in fact had rather scorned him as a crab—and his remark jarred me. I wondered if he looked on me as I did on him. He was trying to cure himself of the habit of grouching.

I determined to try his plan—and start right every day. I decided to say "Good morning" to every one, and to say "I'm very happy" when any one asked how I was.

Not much of a believer in that Pollyanna idea—but there is something in it. If I started wrong in the morning I stopped and started over again.

I was like a cigaret smoker or a drinker tapering off. Sometimes I allowed myself three grouches a day, and gradually reduced the number. I fell into the habit of forcing myself to stop and apologize if I broke loose at a telephone girl or a waiter or any one.

But the very act of starting right in the morning had its psychological effect on me. It was harder to kick if the L train was late if one started from home with a good feeling and yelled "Good morning" at acquaintances. I fell into the habit of looking for funny things instead of for things to kick about. Inside of a year it became a habit to grin at the same things that had made me mad.

The cure isn't entirely complete. No one can make me quit grouching on New York or on the subway or ticket scalpers—but otherwise I'm a regular little he-Pollyanna—and I'm Happy This Morning.

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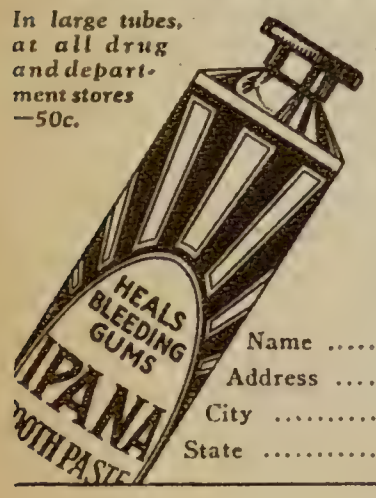

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My Gift to You

The white facial clay I use
By Edna Wallace Hopper

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By countless tests they have now found the supreme clay, a rare mineral-laden clay. My clay today is white and clean and dainty.

Clay is essential to beauty at its best. It brings new beauty, and at once. I have seen it make plain women almost raving beauties.

It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. That brings the rosy afterglow, so amazing when you see it.

It firms the skin, combats all lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores, removes blackheads and blemishes. Thus it gives my skin, even at my age, the smoothness and bloom of a girl.

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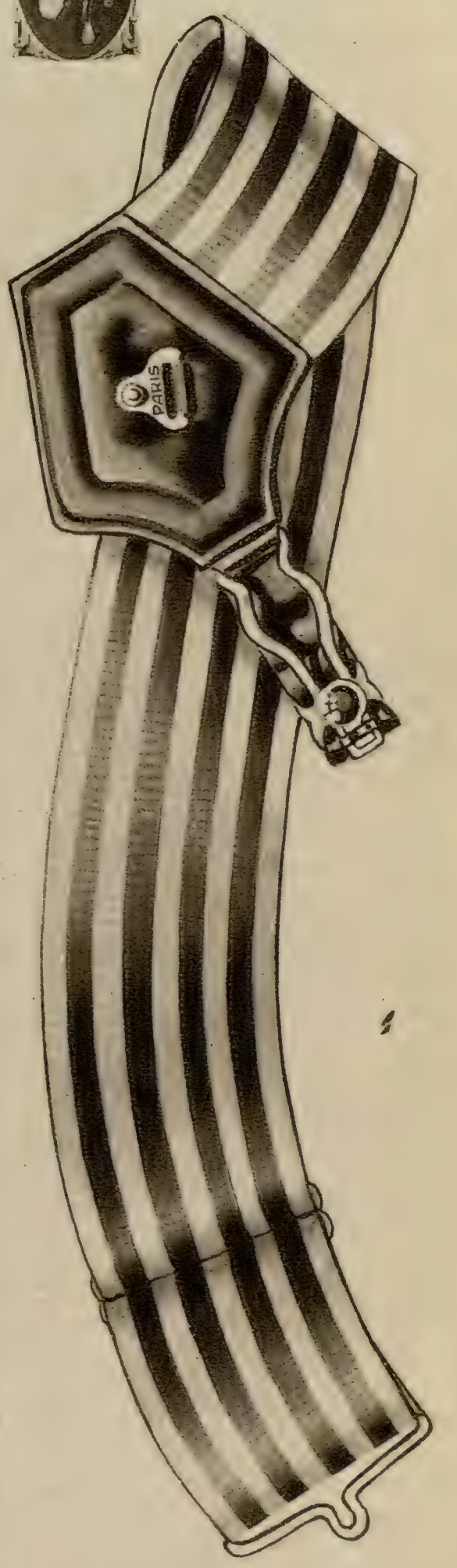

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HOW DO YOU SHAKE HANDS?

By Charles W. Lobell

Illustrated by OSCAR CESARE

WHY do we shake hands is, perhaps, just as important as HOW we do it—and Mr. Lobell says it's a relic of barbarism and should be abolished. The "glad hand" artist and "hail fellow well met" are dying out, even among politicians, and now that women have entered the political field hand-shaking is doomed to a speedy extinction. And as for the "secret grips" of the fraternities—well, just read what Mr. Lobell has to say about them.

FRED HALL'S life dream may come true. "Uncle Fred," for more than fifty years one of the leading editorial writers of the world, who was private secretary to Secretary Stanton of President Lincoln's cabinet during the Civil War, was never a reformer. One reform, and one alone, he advocated.

He wanted the custom of hand-shaking abolished.

He proposed substituting the custom of rubbing noses, or almost anything else, for that of shaking hands.

At last official Washington has fallen into line. The hand-shaking custom, which has done much to undermine the health of many Presidents, is being curtailed.

Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, for years the President's physician; Dr. Charles E. Sawyer, who was President Harding's physician, and others have taken strong stands against the custom as imposing too great a strain upon public men.

According to political and social leaders, the hand-shaking custom is not only ridiculous but dangerous to general health, and harmful. Cases of partial paralysis, of crippled hands and arms, of lasting injuries to the hands are frequent among those compelled to shake hands with many persons.

Perhaps Theodore Roosevelt survived the strain of hand-shaking better than any one who ever has occupied the presidential chair.

Roosevelt's hand-shake was indicative of his character. He met the attack by a counter-attack. No one shook hands with him; he shook hands with them, and his strong and firm hand-shake was a lasting memory to any one with weak hands who met his grip.

In receiving, Roosevelt feinted with his head and shot his right hand out with the same quick motion that Jack Dempsey uses in landing a short right hand punch to the ribs. He gripped the hand of the caller, shook it twice with a quick motion and a heavy clasp, and dropped it.

He trained his hand to stand the pressure, but even so he suffered from it until on several occasions he was forced to use his left hand in greeting people. Roosevelt, in his private offices, used the hand-shake diplomatic. He could greet and get rid of callers faster than almost any one during press of business and send them all away happy. After gripping the hand of the caller with his right he would shift to the left, shake the caller's hand steadily all the time with his left hand, with the right on the shoulder of the visitor, gently propelling him toward the door.

His firm hand-shake was a lasting memory.

THE origin of hand-shaking has been traced by Gautier, the French savant, back to the earliest human records. The clasped hands are found in Egyptian picture writings as far back as 5000 B. C., and, less frequently, in hieroglyphic records of earlier periods. Among the Chaldean records the clasped hands are infrequent, but the custom appears to have increased among the early Greeks and the Romans.

Gautier's theory is that the first hand-shakes were gestures of extending the open hand to another to prove that it contained no weapon, and he bases this on the fact that in prehistoric stone writings both hands were extended and grasped, leaving no chance for any one to shake hands with one hand while wielding a club with the other or sticking a knife into the ribs.

The entrance of women into the political field was the signal for the first real revolution against the hand-shaking custom. Women political leaders, not having the tradition behind them, balked on kissing babies that they did not want to kiss and on shaking hands.

Next to the hand-shake political, the hand-shake commercial is the biggest of the abuses of the custom in the United States. Some of the schools of salesmanship are teaching that the hand-shake of this type is detrimental and that many business men object to it.

In some of the commercial colleges and in the Y. M. C. A. classes in salesmanship, where the "approach" is studied as carefully as a golfer studies his, salesmen are taught to avoid the hand-shake excepting in cases where they are greeting men they know well and with whom they have done business before.

The old time salesman, with the "rush" system of approach, dashes in upon a buyer or possible customer, extends his hand, grips the hand of his victim as if he were a long lost brother, pumps it heartily, and expects the gesture to prove his good will, friendship, and admiration.

The majority of modern business men object to having utter strangers shake their hands. The salesman of that type, however, hangs on like grim death, usually catching his victim by surprise and shaking his hand before the customer can escape. He shakes hands again as he leaves, and, if he gets a chance, shakes the hand of his victim to "bind the bargain."

SHAKING hands to bind a bargain is a survival of an old custom of the days when a man's word was as good as his bond. To shake hands on an agreement was tantamount to exchanging oaths, and to that extent there may be some slight justification in the hand-shake binding—but the average salesman and merchant rely more upon the signed order than they do upon the hand-shake.

One of the prolific forms of hand-shaking is the "secret grip" of fraternal and other societies. Every secret society has its grip, and many members wander through life clutching at the paws of fellow human beings and giving them queer twists and pressures in the hope of finding a brother.

I know one man who traveled hundreds of thousands of miles over the United States without expense merely because he had learned the grips of every fraternity, brotherhood, and secret society. He could squeeze the hand of the conductor, twist his fingers in the proper bowknot, and ride free from East Orange to South Omaha. He could give the grip of the Brotherhood of Hotel Clerks and spend the night free. If he were stalled in the country he could give the grip of Elk, Woodmen of the World, the Grange, or whatever he thought the other man belonged to.

"Shaking hands and knocking on doors are two relics of barbarism," said Mr. Hall shortly before his death. "When I meet an acquaintance I do not expect him to be carrying a knife hidden in his hand, so why should he shake hands to prove to me that he is not going to stab me? As for knocking on a door, the ancient Romans tried scratching and found it no more satisfactory."

Mary Eaton

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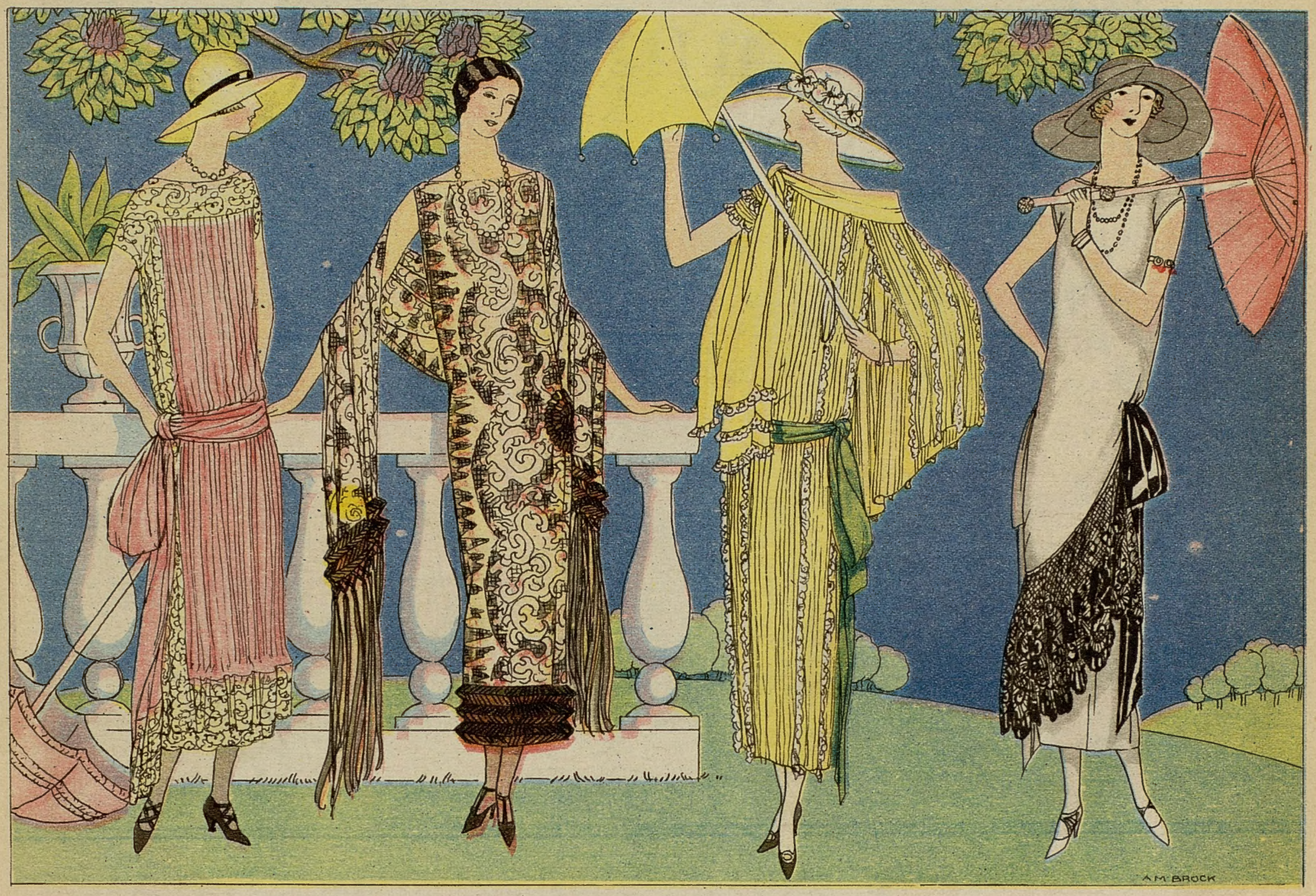
The Cape and the Scarf Star in the Summer's Fashion Drama

By Corinne Lowe



ALL of us are not what David Graham Phillips called "born women." An acute sense of discomfort may attack us at the moment when we exchange tweed suit and four in hand for frills and furbelows.

If we do happen to belong to this group, the season just ahead is going to mean discipline. For we are on the eve of a frilly summer, and those who were not born feminine are doomed to have femininity thrust upon them.

Here is a statement, however, which needs qualification. The fact of it is that for this summer of 1924 is foretold a dual nature. In the selection of suit and sports clothes the boyish Dr. Jekyll will have the upper hand. Thanks to his exertions, we are donning mannish materials made up into sack coats and accompanied by walking sticks, four in hands, and boutonnieres. It is to his influence also that we owe the little two piece morning frocks inspired by Premet's famous model of another season, *la garconne*.

But no sooner is luncheon over than a change takes place. Then the season's second nature, Mr. Hyde, appears on the scene and forthwith proceeds to undo all that the boyish Dr. Jekyll has achieved.

"Fie, fie, ladies," he remonstrates, "can this be true? A sack coat! A walking stick, too! But this will never do. Come, get thee into chiffons and laces."

In this realm of soft, graceful tissues plaits are used abundantly. Another mistake-proof fashion of this season is the use of lace.

As an illustration of the way that the dressmaker of today loves to use Chantilly, I point to the illustration at the right. Here is a charming dinner frock developed in white crêpe de chine and finished with a diagonal flounce of black Chantilly. A band of lustrous black satin ribbon placed under the lace is looped at one side, and this loop dissipates the severity which makes so many women turn from the tight fitting sheath frock. Incidentally I may mention, however, that this sheath model, molding the figure from neckline to hem and broken as a rule only by a flounce at the knees, is perhaps the predominant evening mode of this season.

THIS gown at the right is recommended not only by its grace and simplicity of line but by its color scheme. It is black and white. One might have surmised, perhaps, that the passion for this combination would have spent itself on the winter. Not so. Still the idea of dressing like a magpie or a domino prevails over lesser ambitions and still it influences all types of clothes from sports to evening wear.

But, although the combination of black and white is so preëminently fashionable, there is no summer legislation against color. Far from it. For instance, all shades of red and pink are now almost as inevitable as was a lace tidy in mid-Victorian times. Blue in tones ranging from powder to the deep Chinese tint is also widely exploited. As for yellow, one can hardly take the census on the banana and citron variations of this primal color.

At the left the new azalea pink has been chosen for a delightful summer frock of accordion plaited georgette combined with cream lace. The novelty of this model rests with a lace trimmed sash of matching material. Here one sees it functioning at the waistline, but with equal propriety it may be employed as a scarf. In this latter case the frock is left to that long unbelted line which is one of the noteworthy features of this season's mode.

MENTION of the scarf brings us immediately to a fashion distinctive of this present season. Nowadays hardly any frock plays solitaire. It enlists some such companion player as matching scarf, cape, coat, or shawl. Especially emphasized are the cape and the scarf. In these two we locate the two heroines of our summer fashion drama.

As an evidence of the grace bestowed upon our summer frocks by the scarf, here is the frock, second to the left.

Adorable for young girl or matron is the third model, incorporating with a tucked and Valenciennes trimmed frock of yellow crêpe de chine a saucy little matching cape which may be tied either front or on the shoulder.

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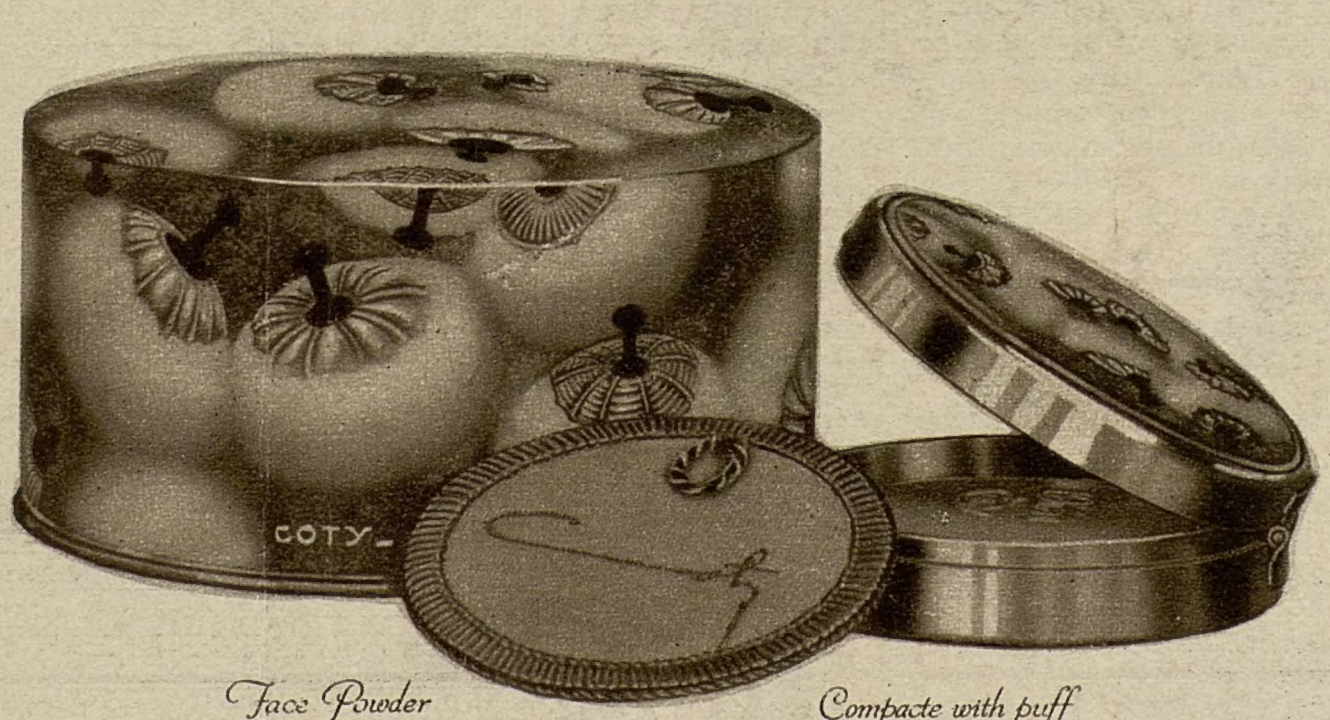

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Doctors say that when a baby cries it is often because his diapers are scratchy from using strong soap

Won't cause diaper rash

Use it for all the clothes that touch your baby's tender skin

NOTHING in the world is as sensitive as a little baby's skin. The least roughness irritates and inflames it.

Physicians agree that when a baby cries or is fretful it is often just because his diapers are rough and scratchy from washing with strong soap, or his little band has shrunk and binds his tender abdomen.

The diaper rash that is the source of such severe suffering to babies is usually traceable to this very cause—washing diapers with harsh soap—soap containing free alkali. Alkali is almost impossible to rinse out. It clings to little garments in a fine white powder that is cruelly irritating to sensitive skins.

Lux won't cause diaper rash. There is no free alkali in it—no harmful ingredient of any kind. It is bland and pure—absolutely safe for all the clothes that touch your baby's tender skin. Use it always for his soft woolen shirts and bands, his diapers and dresses, petticoats and little socks. Get Lux today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The William Carter Co., makers of baby's woolens, says: "We wish every young mother would wash her baby's shirts and bands in Lux."

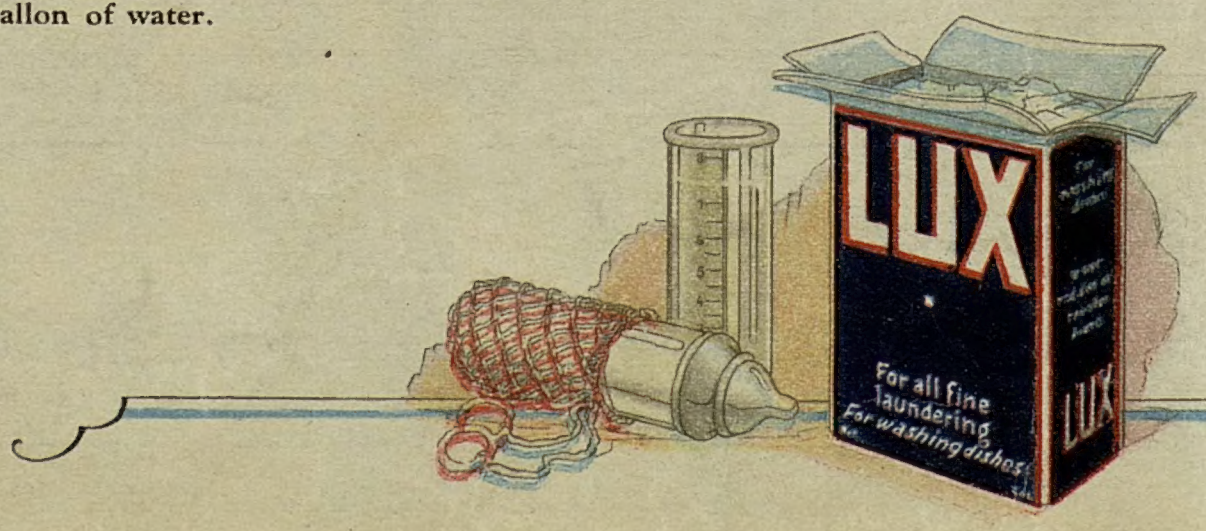
Simon Ascher & Co., makers of infants' and children's outer knit goods, say: "Lux is ideal for woolens. It is so pure it cannot injure sensitive wool fiber."

How to wash diapers

Soiled diapers should have all solid matter removed immediately and then be put to soak in cold water.

If diapers are simply wet place them in a covered pail and let them soak in cold water until you are ready to wash them.

Then whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in a tub of very hot water. Let diapers soak for a few minutes, then dip them up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through them. If suds die down add more Lux. Rinse in at least three waters. Boil diapers once a week, using a tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Rinse thoroughly.



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